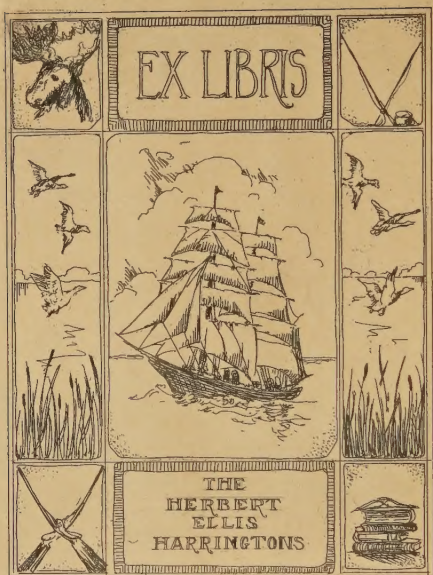
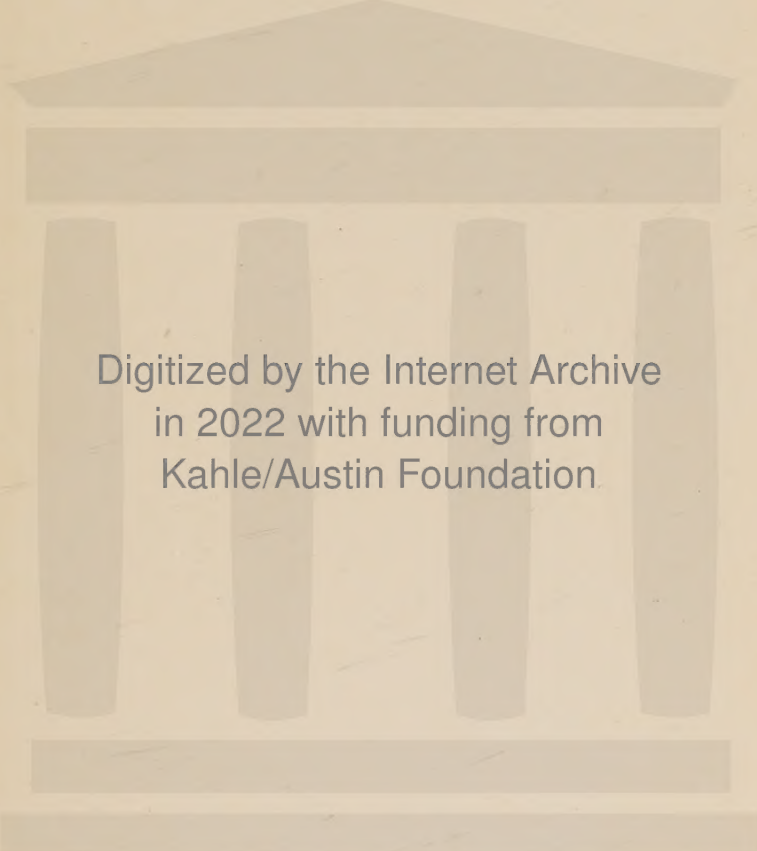


THE RIM OF MYSTERY

JOHN B. BURNHAM





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Karinko, Serf of Taruhe
One of an unconquered race

THE RIM OF MYSTERY

A HUNTER'S WANDERINGS
IN UNKNOWN SIBERIAN ASIA

by
JOHN B. BURNHAM

with
60 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

Approved by the
BOONE AND CROCKETT CLUB



NEW YORK G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

1929

THE RIM OF MYSTERY



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by

G. P. Putnam's Sons

First Edition



Made in the United States of America

TO FREDERIC C. WALCOTT

THE SUMMONS

The caw of the crows in the morning,
The whippoorwill courting at night,
The flute of the white throated sparrow
Gave me joy and a poignant delight.

But the untrodden spaces are calling,
The fog mantled sea has her say:
There's no longer peace in the southland,
The summons has come! I'm away.

The green woods, the blue hills entreat me,
The friends of the brooks and the swales,
The red deer, the woodcock and partridge,
But, somehow their sorcery fails.

When the untrodden spaces are calling
Nor white throated woman nor bird
Nor the charm of the tranquil are heeded,
The summons is all that is heard!

P R E F A C E

IN this book I have tried to give a picture of a part of the North that has never been made the subject of a book, of the country and of the people who live and adventure there, Eskimos, Chukchis, Japanese, Bolsheviks and the traders from many ports. It is a passing phase that is already changing and will soon lose its significance and much that is unusual and picturesque.

I believe that the chapters which have to do with the sea adventurers and the natives and the trade policies and rivalries and the Revolution will in time have some historic value. For the rest it is a story of travel and hunting.

In a book of this kind one writes more about unpleasant than pleasant things, because it is the difficulties that are met and overcome which make the story. The reader must not infer however that our lot in the Chukotsk was too hard, for on the contrary it was an experience of substantial pleasure. The human being originated as an outdoor animal and every normal man enjoys getting back to primitive things. Worries are forgotten, the food tastes

good, sleep is sweet, the muscles tingle with the exhilaration that follows physical tire, there is the joy of adventure and discovery!

The sea has its glamour. The mountains and the hidden valleys have their secrets, unfolding each moment to the beholder something of interest and charm. From the rose tints of early morning on the glaciers to the azures and purples of the distant ranges at night, in storms, in the austere majesty of clouds and riven peaks and fog oceans, in the perfection of form and color of the Alpine flowers there is refreshment of spirit and one drinks in beauty and peace. Since Adam's fall there has been no perfect Eden, but the Chukotsk gives as much of it as one will find anywhere.

Andrew Taylor's courage, cheerfulness and loyalty never faltered. I shall not forget that night on St. Lawrence Island when we cut loose from comfort and security and cast our lot with the Eskimos. It was a question of going back to Siberia against the orders of the Bolsheviki or returning to Alaska on the *Bear*. The ship's cutter was waiting our decision. We stood in the lee of the shore ice and looked across the black heaving waves under an inky sky at the lights of the vessel that meant good food, snug beds, baths and all that and thought of the contrast of danger, filth and crudity and cruelty of man and sea. Peace or peril?

We had come for an object, should we go on?
"Sure!" said Taylor, and the die was cast.

Taylor was ready at any time to stake his life on a sporting proposition. All he required was that it appealed to his sense of good sportsmanship. Where a friend or comrade was involved the answer was easy. His was the fine honor that is the flower of manhood.

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THE RIM OF MYSTERY

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CHAPTER I

THE MAKINGS

WHEN on July 11, 1921, the Nachalnik of the Chukotsk District in Northeastern Siberia issued my license for hunting he gave permission "to kill as many birds as he wants." "He does not want birds," said Mr. A. M. Bailey of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, who was acting for me in securing the license, "he is after mountain sheep." "I cannot give him a license for mountain sheep," translated the Nachalnik's secretary, "there are none in the Chukotsk." But it did not matter how the license was worded provided it looked official and had the Revolutionary Commissioner's signature, so Bailey sent it along and I got it after I had been hunting for six weeks. It helped a lot, however, because without the license I could not in the end have secured the charter of Captain "Billy" Thompson's schooner *Trader* which added materially to the comfort and security of the latter part of the trip.

My expedition was made in the attempt to settle a scientific question. There was reason to believe that mountain sheep existed in the Chukotsk Peninsula which separates Bering Sea from the Arctic Ocean west of Bering Strait, but no one knew what the sheep were nor how to classify them. Not a museum in the world had a specimen from the Chukotsk or from any place near it, and biologists were uncertain whether the sheep was *Ovis nivicola* or *storki* or *borealis* or *alleni* or a new and unnamed species. "There is less known about the sheep in that country," said my friend Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey, "than anywhere else in the range of these animals through Asia and North America down into Mexico. Go and see what you can find out." For fifteen years Dr. Nelson had been trying to interest an American sportsman to get specimens of the sheep.

The initial suggestion had come from another friend and shooting companion, Dr. Arthur W. Elting of Albany, New York, who in 1913 hunted in the Arctic and Alaska with Marshal Scull and Collins and Lovering. I was in his home one evening looking over the trophies of his latest hunt in the Cassiar when Elting referred to their attempt to secure sheep in the Chukotsk. "We tried for six days to get back into the country from Seniavine

Strait," said he, "but fog and the native packers balked us and we left without seeing a sheep. Scull, however, traded the horns of a young ram from some Chukchis who had recently killed three sheep at no great distance inland. In my opinion there is a new variety to be found there. Why don't you go and settle the question?"

And so later on at a dinner at the home of Charles Sheldon in Washington, with Nelson, Sheldon and Carl J. Lomen of Nome, Alaska, the subject was discussed and plans were made for the trip. Sheldon had met Baron Von Klist in Nome at the time the baron was the Romanoff Governor of the Chukotsk and the Governor had told him that there were still some sheep left in the peninsula and that he thought the best place to secure them would be in the northeastern corner between Kolyuchin Bay and East Cape. Sheldon himself had planned to go across for the sheep, but could get no horses for transportation. Dr. Nelson and Lomen, however, thought that the mountains on the south side of the peninsula offered the best opportunity.

As it happened I had in my possession at the time a letter from a trader at St. Lawrence Bay not far from East Cape who wrote that in the fifteen years he had been at his post he had never heard of mountain sheep. The only records available showing the existence of sheep were all from

the southward. These included the Elting reference and letters from traders who had seen sheep horn spoons and very occasionally the horns themselves at points on the south coast and also a letter from Joseph Dixon of the University of California who wrote, "Natives at a small bay, no anchorage, some forty or fifty miles south of Providence Bay reported to us about June 20, 1913, that they had the previous day seen a large male mountain sheep within a mile of the native village. They described the animal accurately and so must certainly have seen mountain sheep at some time. Our hunters spent one day hunting for this animal but saw no sheep although the country was suitable for them.

"This Bay is known to American traders as John Howland Bay, but I have never found it so mentioned on any map. In fact our maps are rather meager as regards detail. I am inclined to the belief that there are mountain sheep there, but have no proof of their occurrence. The *ovis* specimens secured . . . were taken at Cape Shipunski, Kamchatka and at Cape Lisbourne, Alaska."

Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Dr. George Bird Grinnell and the other scientists on the Harriman Expedition in 1899 had seen parts of a small ram at Plover Bay. Lastly, Captain Bob Bartlett on his return from Wrangell Island in 1914, after the

wreck of the *Karluk*, had eaten sheep meat while traveling with dog team along the ice of Seniavine Strait. I did not, therefore, go to the Kolyuchin Bay neighborhood or to East Cape. Later on, however, when in Siberia, Alexander Kariëff, the trader, told me that in 1917 a native named Rentigirgin killed a mountain sheep west of East Cape. The north coast west of Kolyuchin Bay is comparatively low and not attractive as a range for mountain sheep. So that night it was settled that the start in the Chukotsk should be made from Mechigme Bay, north of Seniavine Strait on the east coast and that the southern mountains should be hunted as far as Holy Cross Bay at the junction of the peninsula with the mainland of Siberia.

Various means of transportation were discussed including reindeer, dogs and native packers, with the result that the verdict was unanimously in favor of horses. It was assumed that sufficient grass would be found for feed, though no data was available owing to the fact horses had not hitherto been tried in the peninsula. Dogs and reindeer are both used as pack animals in the North, and for summer sledging where there is soil or moss, but it is well known that no dependence can be placed on the native owners either to work the animals or to work themselves. Later it was arranged to have the U. S. Revenue cutter *Bear* take the horses from

Nome, Alaska, to Mechigme Bay. Unfortunate complications came up in this connection which eventually resulted in the adoption of another plan.

A friend sending a gift of pipe tobacco included with it a paraphrase of Kipling's, "You have sworn an oath to keep it, on the horns of Ovis Poli," and added, "To put it in the words of Bob Bartlett with whom I was talking at the Explorer's Club the other night, 'I hope to —— he finds them!' "

I read these lines shortly after leaving New York for Seattle where Andy Taylor of Shushanna, Alaska, had preceded me to buy pack-horses. The remark of the Captain of Peary's and Stefansson's ships hung long in memory. It was more apropos than the paraphrased poetry. I had sworn no oath, and I had reached the stage when I was ready to believe there were no more sheep left in the Chukotsk. Hoping that they might be found there was nearer the mark.

There were good reasons for believing that the sheep might have been exterminated during the seven years that had elapsed since the last record of their existence had been noted. In Kamchatka north of Petropavlovsk where sheep are numerous, the writings of Prince Demidoff, Paul Niedieck and others indicate that the animals are driven to the sea coast in the winter to procure feed on ac-

count of the deep snows of the interior. Their survival is accounted for by the fact that long stretches of this coast are uninhabited and there is no one to kill the sheep. On the other hand the coast line of the Chukotsk Peninsula is quite thickly populated owing to the abundance of seals and walrus in the neighboring seas which furnish a sure food supply for the natives. The sheep there if driven to the coast by weather conditions would be seen and killed.

A parallel is to be found in the extermination of the caribou just across Bering Strait in the Seward Peninsula by the Alaskan Eskimo since the advent of modern firearms. The caribou were plentiful in the 60's but long before the 90's they had disappeared and the U. S. Government was importing domestic reindeer from Siberia to save the Eskimos from starvation. The natives at Penkegnei Bay told Scull that the sheep they had killed when he was there in 1913 were the last of their kind in existence. The animals were apparently either exterminated or so very scarce that failure was more probable than success. It was a chilling thought because the negative answer is never the satisfactory one. Mankind is optimistic and desires positive results and accomplishment.

On the train I read the reports of two expeditions which had made extensive biological collec-

tions nearest the Chukotsk. These were the Jessup North Pacific Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History in 1900 to Okhotsk Sea, and the expedition of Johan Koren to the Kolyma River in 1911, financed by Mr. John E. Thayer of Boston. Koren secured no sheep but the Jessup Expedition had gotten four specimens of *nicicola* as far north as "Baronesskorf Gulf" in Kamchatka. I think the locality may be identified as Baronkorf Gulf, because the maps do not show the former name and the Kamchatkan coast traders with whom I talked have not heard of it. In any case if it is in Kamchatka it is upwards of a thousand miles by land from Mechigme Bay, and the Chukotsk Peninsula is separated from the Kamchatka district by the great valley of the Anadir River which with its lagoons and marshes is a natural obstruction to the progress of such mountain loving animals as the big horns.

The Chukotsk Peninsula lies within a mountain barrier, which, beginning near the mouth of the Lena River, runs south towards the Okhotsk Sea and then as the Stanavoi Mountain sweeps easterly to its termination at Bering Strait. Within this barrier are interesting forms of life many of which resemble American types. The Eskimos of the peninsula for example are representatives of a race not found elsewhere outside of North America

and neighboring islands. The moose are like the Kenai moose. Dr. J. A. Allen has pointed out the close interrelationship of the mammals "a relationship so intimate that it could only have been brought about by a former land bridge connecting the two continents, the existence of which in comparatively recent time, geologically speaking, is generally conceded if not practically demonstrated."

It is supposed that the mountain sheep of North America crossed this bridge from their original home in Asia and traveled through the western mountain ranges until they reached northern Mexico. These facts raised an interesting question. It is only a little over forty miles across Bering Strait. The sheep of northern Alaska are the white *Ovis dalli*. Would the Chukotsk sheep, if found, correspond in color and in other respects with their nearby American relatives or would they resemble the more distant, dark Kamchatkan type? As the crow flies they were many miles nearer their well known American cousins than to any recognized variety on the Asiatic side. On the other hand, many æons as time is reckoned, have passed since the land bridge was sheared away by glacial ice. I had sworn no oath, but I resolved if it was humanly possible Taylor and I would solve the problem.

CHAPTER II

OUTWARD BOUND

ON arrival in Seattle, June 2, I found that my companion Andrew M. Taylor had already purchased five exceptionally good pack horses averaging 1150 pounds in weight, and had made other necessary arrangements including the laying in of a supply of trade goods to be used in dealing with the natives. I had known Taylor since 1919 when I met him on the White River in Yukon Territory, and the high opinion I then formed of his personal qualities and qualifications has been in no way diminished by after events. He is an expert hunter, horseman, dogman and boatman, resourceful in wilderness emergencies and withal a gentleman. This was the first time Taylor had been out of Alaska or the Yukon since he went in with the Klondike gold rush in 1897.

We were fortunate in securing passage for Nome on the first trip of the season of the *Victoria*. This first trip each year is a notable event and the applications for accommodations are always in excess of the supply. We were equally

fortunate in having Carl Lomen of Nome for cabin-mate. Some other things were not so pleasant.

Owing to the shipping strike the boat was delayed in starting from the second to the ninth of June. It was only as a result of herculean efforts on the part of the steamship people that we left when we did. All the crew and engineers and firemen and even the waiters were scabs. The bosun could not tie a square knot and had Josephus Daniel's idea as to the appellations of the two sides of the boat. The colored waiters served the soup in coat pockets even before they got seasick. Some Bolshevik tampered with the evaporator so that the supply of drinking water was salty. Another disconnected the plumbing one night so that a number of staterooms were flooded, and we burned candles because the electric wiring did not give us current.

But we had a captain who was a real sailorman, and a purser who did what he could to make every one comfortable and a steward who when the cook was sick prepared even better meals than his chef. Added to this the weather was lovely and aside from a little rolling south of the Aleutians, which is always expected, there was no real excuse for seasickness. Some people, however, are Christian Scientists with the reverse English and for such there is no hope on salt water.

The *Victoria* is a staunch and graceful ship, old enough to be a grandmother for she was launched in 1869, but with a hull twice as good today as that of most modern vessels. Her plates are of heavy malleable iron and there is no passenger vessel of her class afloat better adapted for cruising in the ice. In her day the *Victoria* was a crack Cunard Liner holding the Atlantic speed record. She brought Melville and other survivors of the ill fated DeLong Arctic expedition from London to New York and the then young Theodore Roosevelt headed the reception committee which met them in the Lower Bay.

The *Victoria* makes no stops between Seattle and Nome and the only land sighted in the twenty-three-hundred-mile voyage was the islands on either side of Unimak Pass in the Aleutians. The vicinity of the islands was heralded by the appearance of myriads of sea birds. We ran out of a bank of fog into bright sunshine and there right and left was blessed terra firma, bold headlands against which the surf churned, great treeless slopes and rugged pinnacles and to the eastward, Shishaldin, a glorified Fujiyama. From a distance this magnificent volcano looks like a snow white feather tip hung in the sky. Even close by it is as ethereal as mist. It's nine thousand feet elevation cannot be said to tower above the sea; rather the mountain

floats in the ether, carrying its base suspended just above the waves. It is compounded of the filmiest afterglow colors and seems no more in need of a foundation than a rainbow or a cloud.

Carl Lomen, himself a pioneer of Nome, knew everyone on the *Victoria*, except the two young lady tourists from Philadelphia who planned to return home by way of St. Michaels and the Yukon. Our cabin was a gathering place for most of the adventurers on the ship and many a stirring saga could have been composed from the record of their deeds if there had been a scald present equal to the occasion. The blue tobacco smoke curled from the open door while the murre cut the wave tops and the kittiwakes floated in the air currents even with the steamer's rail. One after another the men of action came and went leaving stories of the sea and ice, fighting, romance and tragedy until it seemed that nowhere else in the world to-day can so many daring Argonauts be met at one time and place as on the *Victoria's* first trip. The most covered coasts were from the Okhotsk to the Kolyma and from Unalaska to Banks Land. Into Nome the traders bring not only polar bear, and white fox skins and walrus ivory but such things as bricks of Russian tea looking like black decorated tiles and hard as stone, Japanese goods and even the magnificently regal skins of Manchurian

tigers. Around Nome at times one sees Eskimos with little horseshoe curves tattooed on their cheeks who say that the good luck sign was given them by South Sea Kanakas.

There was old Sam Balto who crossed Greenland with Nansen and who has a gold medal from the King of Norway, and Joe Bernard and "Chechako" Anderson who have traveled as Stefansson traveled, and over a part of the same regions, and E. T. McIntyre the best story teller of the lot who draws his themes from a marvelous fund of personal experience. Then there were Charles Brower and Tom Gordon from Pt. Barrow and Demarkation Point and George Goshaw, Johnny Felkel, Kelley Olsen and Bob Shaw, traders; and Rev. C. J. Sodergren and N. F. Hoyer, missionaries bound for Siberia, the biggest section without churches in the world, Bob Adams and his band of oil prospectors going to the Arctic on the *Silver Wave* and a party of Standard Oil men going on the *Teddy Bear* in a race that had all the elements of a thrilling novel: Charley Code who was a deputy sheriff in the early days of Nome, "Scotty" Smith and others who have sailed the seas of adventure.

Suggestive of the stories told are the names by which some of the characters were known, such as "Billy the Bear," "Tommy the Skunk," "Whis-



The Sterile and Lifeless Interior of the Chukotsk

No birds nor animals and no vegetation on the windswept summits



A Nome Half Breed Eskimo Type

Photo by Lomen Bros.

key John" and "Pious the Dodger." "Kids" of various appellations had their parts. I asked Code for some of their titles and without hesitation he ran off this list as a sample, Hot Cake, Popcorn, Malemute, Mukluk, Baldface, Gimme, 7 up, 2 bit, Yellow, Hobo, Scurvy, Sandpit and Evaporated. The Baldface and Evaporated kids were both old men but one had a smooth face and the other a dried up youthful figure.

There was certainly a joyous tone of unrestraint in the conversation. One could shut his eyes and imagine that some Viking or buccaneer was the talker. "I tried to buy a second-hand 4-pounder and a machine gun on the coast last fall," said one narrator. "They didn't like my looks I guess, for I did not get them." The object of this gentleman was to make a foray on some of the Bolshevik posts on the Siberian coast. "Their government is not recognized by ours," he said, "what could they do after I got away?" There was discussion as to the best way to raid the Russian fur seal islands and the fox farming islands, with the profits of the trip increased by contraband pelts of sea otter picked up on the way. It was said that sea otter skins are constantly reaching the trade through underground routes.

"I have always regretted that I missed the biggest opportunity for decent piracy that ever hap-

pened in the north," said another potential Sir Harry Morgan. "It would have been the simplest thing in the world in the palmy days of the Klondike and Nome with any boat that could mount a cannon to hold up the treasure ships at Unimak Pass. After the gold was taken care of I would have to put the steamship's machinery out of commission and gotten away at my leisure. Marconi wasn't on earth then! No wonder that on the ship our cabin acquired the name "Pirate's Roost!"

They told of the visit of the Kolchak gun boat, *Yakutsk*, at Nome two years before, and of her subsequent raids on traders and the eventual sale of the plunder, furs, ivory and whalebone in Japan and the scattering of the crew in France. And for comedy, of Captain Loup of the *Gussie Brown* who sailed from Nome with a cargo and passengers for the mouth of the Kuskokwim but could not find his destination because the rats had eaten the river out of his chart! Just then "Brother" Carroll of the Alaska S.S. Company passed in through the door the following radio, "Nome, June 17, the explorer Amundsen arrived Nome this A. M. on the *Herman*, a sailing schooner. Report Revenue Cutter *Bear*." Another milestone in a great adventure!

CHAPTER III

SEAS OF ADVENTURE

JOE BERNARD and "Chechako" Anderson were familiar with much of the Arctic coast of North America. Captain Bernard plans some day to visit New York via the northwest passage. He has already gone two-thirds the distance to King Edward Land. One of his crew on his vessel the *Teddy Bear* was a native from the land of the "blond Eskimos." Bernard is criticized by other traders because he has a taste for collecting rare and unusual specimens of native handiwork and ethnological junk in out of the way places. They cannot understand why he gives time and effort to secure articles which are not readily saleable when with his ability for reaching untouched lands he could get rich by trading white fox skins, the ready money of the North. Traders who can secure these in large numbers clear fortunes.

In 1917, Bernard brought out among other things the skins of seventeen musk-ox taken in Victoria Land in 1913-14, the last of their race on that great island, he says on the authority of the

Eskimos who killed the animals. The disappearance of big game from one place after another is one of the tragedies of the North. The caribou are gone from the Seward Peninsula and from most of the Arctic coast. The mountain sheep will soon follow. The natives make winter hunts for them up the Kobuk and Noatak and other rivers. Tom Gordon reports that in the winter of 1920 eighty carcasses were brought to Demarkation Point. The white sheep near Demarkation Point are the farthest north of their kind. A few years ago they could be found within sight of the Arctic Ocean.

Charles Brower or "King" Brower, as he is called throughout the north, lives in feudal style at Point Barrow. Meal time is a formal affair at his house. He sits at the head of a great table. His Eskimo wife and his children and guests and retainers all have their appointed places and observe the etiquette imposed. Brower is a just man and his decisions are respected to the letter. He first came to the Arctic thirty-seven years before to operate coal mines at Cape Lisbourne supplying fuel for steam whaling ships. Upon the failure of the enterprise he went on a hunting trip with Eskimos north as far as Pt. Barrow. With stone headed harpoons and lances they killed and secured three whales. During the past twenty-nine years he has traded for a San Francisco firm.

Whaling crews in the old days were largely composed of the riff-raff and criminal classes. One fine ship was burned because a reckless degenerate did not want to shovel coal. Mutinies and murders were not uncommon. Cold, hardships and hunger have a way of bringing into action demonstrations of passions which men living protected lives like to think disappeared from the human race soon after the time we lost our caudal appendage. The crew of one of McKenna's whaling ships wrecked on Atka Island not only resorted to cannibalism but gloried in its horrible features. Some of the rescued wretches carried with them as trophies parts of the men they had eaten. The facts are too ghastly to print. Brower was asked if there was a similar story at the time he rescued the crew of the whaler *Navarack* crushed in the ice pack. Thirty-two men left the vessel of whom only sixteen reached land. "No sir!" said Brower with emphasis, "I had the only gun in the party and I kept them herded all the time.

"When we were first sighted by the *Thrasher* the lookout thought we were a bunch of walrus on the ice, but Captain Barney Coogan knew there were no walrus in that neighborhood and so we were saved. Whiting, the steward committed suicide. Most of the rest who were lost went crazy. It was a case of the survival of the fittest, but not

all the calm minded and courageous pulled through. The blacksmith was the gamest man I ever saw. He wore the soles off his boots on the rough ice, and then the soles off his feet, but he did not complain. He began falling down and lacerating his legs. His whole walking apparatus was dished, but he kept going until he died in his tracks."

The traders on the *Victoria* were anxious to get news of the situation at Anadir, the headquarters of the Revolutionary Committee who were running things in northeastern Siberia, and who were responsible for the reign of terror then existing.

Bob Shaw was worried about the welfare of his partner McLaren who was in Anadir as an agent for the Karaïeff trading firm. Nothing had been heard directly from him during the winter. A story was current that McLaren with half a dozen others had received the death sentence but that they were saved by the self sacrifice of the young wife of one of the condemned men, a Russian. This no doubt was fiction but from a country where anything may happen it gained credence. Another subject of speculation was the mission of the mysterious beauty, Marie Kelly, who had gone to Anadir via Nome, the previous summer. Why a young and decidedly attractive woman should risk life and

honor among the motley cut-throats there in control was more than any of the male adventurers in our cabin could fathom. From their viewpoint no stake was big enough to compensate for the risk she ran. Yet not a man among them but was ready to gamble with his own life!

The traders are a reckless lot. In the late 90's Charles Klinkenberg, a beach comber at Pt. Hope captured a whale and got some real money. He went to San Francisco and purchased the scuttled hull of an old tug boat and rigged it with masts and sails. Securing a trading credit from Liebes, he started north equipped with a sextant and quadrant, which were useless because he did not comprehend the first rudiments of navigation. After sailing two thousand miles he sighted land and a channel which he thought to be Unimak Pass in the Aleutians. It proved to be the dangerous False Pass, but Klinkenberg had the luck to get through on a high tide. Next he brought up on the Siberian coast thinking he had raised St. Lawrence Island until he learned otherwise from the natives. Above Bering Strait he had a hard combat with the ice, but in time he reached Pt. Hope his destination and carried on his trading operations as he had planned. The discoverer of America was a much better navigator and had bet-

ter ships. The only advantage Klinkenberg had over Columbus was that he knew just where he wanted to bring up.

Klinkenberg who is now peacefully living with his Eskimo wife and family on Dolphin and Union Strait in the Arctic has the reputation of being a killer. It is said he was wanted for murder in the States when he first came to the far north and that he has a brother in the South Seas who is a fugitive for a similar reason. Klinkenberg, by the way, is not his real name. His most famous affair was the killing of the entire crew of his vessel, the *Olga*. The details are extremely sketchy because Klinkenberg was the only survivor and he is not talkative. Louis Lane says that it is the simple story of the mutinous crew of a vessel marooned in the ice, and that Klinkenberg did no more than any other captain would have been obliged to do under similar circumstances to maintain his authority.

The commonly accepted version is that the trouble began with a duel between Klinkenberg and his engineer. The two men armed with repeating rifles stood back to back on the ice. They were supposed to step off ten paces and then to turn and open fire but when Klinkenberg had gone three paces it is said he wheeled and shot the engineer through the back. The wound was not im-

mediately fatal and the crew picked up the man and carried him to his berth in the engine room, laying his rifle beside him. Klinkenberg's cabin was forward of the engine room and separated only by a thin board partition. As the engineer heard Klinkenberg coming down the steps he opened fire on him through the partition, judging direction by sound. Klinkenberg who was not hit stealthily ran back up the steps and to a point where he could see the engineer and finished him by a shot through the head.

The crew of four men had sided with the engineer. No one of them has ever again been seen. Klinkenberg says they wandered off on the ice and were lost. Some think that after killing the engineer he went on the rampage and finished the crew on the spot, but others say he picked them off singly. The one incontrovertible fact is that he is the sole survivor of the affray.

A little realized fact developed in the conversation is that here in the North, as in the South Seas, women are the lure that attract many of the adventurers—women and the lack of conventional restraints in the relation of the sexes. Many are the amours with native women and it is safe to say that most of the men who live on this far flung Arctic frontier would not be here were the coast uninhabited. There are ascetics of course of finer

mould, there are domestically inclined men, like Charley Carpendale the Australian at East Cape, who live with their Eskimo wives just as they would with white wives, faithful and kind, but the others are the inconstant type and their conquests are easy, different sweethearts for different ports and sailings. The love of adventure or the mere force of circumstance may have brought the man to the ice zone but it is the women who keep him there.

There is a bad lot of natives at Cape Serdze, Siberia, where Amundsen wintered in 1920-21. The Russian cutters used to exile at this place Eskimos and Chukchis who were making trouble in their own localities. These men trap foxes, however, and wherever fox skins can be had traders go. There were stringent laws against traffic in intoxicants with the natives and up to the time of the Revolution the Russian Government had Cossacks on land and war vessels on the sea to enforce its regulations. The better sentiment on the American side also condemned the rum running. Despite these facts there were and are men who carry on the trade for the sake of the big profits to be made. Recently the Japs have been the chief offenders. In "Pirate's Roost" we heard of a typical experience.

"Mind you," the narrator said, "I never peddled whiskey in coal oil cans." He paused a mo-

ment, but I must confess I failed to grasp the idea of the particular virtue implied by the remark "A trader has to get skins," he continued. "Competition was severe, and the best were always saved for the man with the booze. So one trip I got a fifty-two gallon barrel of alcohol and put it on the boat unbeknown to my partner. Of course Jim had to swear to the manifest before we could clear from Nome, and besides he was prejudiced against the stuff. We were out at sea before Jim saw the barrel. 'What's this?' he asked, and then he said 'Might be a water barrel.' 'Yes' said I, 'It might be!'"

"We got to Carrigan's place at Cape Serdze late one evening, but the natives crowded aboard and wanted to trade at once. We tried to put them off until daylight, but it could not be done. Old Carrigan promised to be responsible for anything stolen, but inside the first ten minutes we missed half a case of .30-30 cartridges and the pliers needed to turn the petcocks on our engine. This made me mad because you would burn your fingers and could not turn the petcocks anyhow without the pliers, so I got my brass knuckles and made everybody stand up. There were seven or eight natives below and about forty on deck.

"Carrigan's boys were pretty nice fellows, and I let them sit down first. I caught the eye of one

of them and he indicated a certain man as the culprit so I went for that gentleman and grabbed him by the throat, and he grabbed me the same way. I had called Jim to clear away behind, and when I thought things were safe in that direction I hauled off and smashed my bird in the face. His brother jumped in but Jim attended to him and then some more of them interfered and we had a lively little ruction until I got the pump handle. After that we soon had them pacified."

"Then I got hold of my man again and told him to dig up, and he began to dig up and out came the boxes of cartridges and finally the pliers. They wear just the right kind of clothes for stowing the stuff away. That strap they have around the waist gives them a pocket in the sag of their shirts that will hold a bushel; all they have to do is drop their plunder down the neck opening. I had done this fellow up pretty brown, and he wanted pay for his bloody nose and black eyes, so I gave him some hard-tack and called it square. After that everybody shook hands and the natives said they would return and trade in the morning. Jim wanted to pull right out that night, because he did not like the natives and also feared a Russian gun boat might turn up. He had seen me watering the alcohol and he knew if they found that stuff with us the boat would be seized and that we might

become miners instead of traders. But we had not yet got their fox skins, so we waited.

"I had the first watch and it was a nasty one because there was a storm coming up with snow squalls. Sometime during the night I heard a noise and just as I got my gun ready to shoot a man's head showed above the rail. I gave notice before killing him which was lucky because he was one of the Carrigan boys who had come out in a little eight foot skin boat to warn me that the natives were making preparations to attack us in the dark and seize our vessel. Some East Capers had joined in and there was a big gang hell-bent to have our whiskey. I gave the Carrigan boy time to get ashore, having my doubts as to whether he could make it on account of the wind and rough sea, and then I waked Jim and the engineer so we could make our getaway. By the time Jim had up the hook we saw two thirty foot skin boats full of men almost on us, but we got clear and left them just in the nick of time.

"Talk about sea, when we got outside we ran into Niagara Falls! Our boat about turned over two or three times before we knew where we were at. We headed for East Cape, the nearest place we could get shelter for on this coast the deep sea runs right up against two hundred foot cliffs and there is not a sand spit or harbor in the whole distance.

Before morning I was praying for a beach where I could plant the old tub, but of course there was none. It was snowing hard and dark as pitch. Once the snow let up a little and right overhead we saw the cliffs. Jim put her over in a hurry and we pulled out from under, but it was a narrow squeak.

"The wind and sea came from the eastward and we were not making any headway. Jim and I were pumping by turns, but every little while the engineer would yell to us that his engine was swamped and to pump! We'd tell him we were pumping and he'd yell to pump some more. There was no governor on the engine and he had to shut her off every time the propellor came out of the water in the big seas, on account rattling things to pieces when she raced. Despite all we could do we could not get away from the place. When it got daylight we could see Cape Serdze just behind us and we decided to run back in there for shelter. I'd rather be shot any day than drowned.

"We had worked our hearts out pumping but the water raised until it put our magneto out of commission and the engine went dead. We put sail on the old hooker and when we came to jibe her at the Cape the boom knocked off the exhaust pipe from the engine that stuck up like a stove pipe and this smashed our igniter which meant a

long job getting the engine in commission again and did not add to our peace of mind. We got around the point and dropped anchor as far out as we dared, and dragged quite a distance before the hook held. Puffs of smoke raised from the shore and we knew they were shooting at us but the distance was too great and they soon gave it up. That was the turning point in our run of bad luck.

“By the time we got the engine repaired the manners of the natives had considerably improved and they were ready to trade peaceably. We did all the business we could before bringing out the ‘memelik’ as they call whiskey. A native who went by the name of William Bayliss, after the whaling ship he had sailed on, caused us a lot of trouble by telling the others the Nome prices on our trade goods. In those days we often got twenty dollars in trade for a three dollar article. But William Bayliss ‘plenty savvied’ that a rifle could be bought for fifteen dollars and the natives stopped giving six fox skins for a gun.

“The weather had improved by the time legitimate trade slowed up. I told Jim to get everything ready to leave on five seconds notice, and then I lined up the memelik customers. They knew my terms. They were let into the cabin one at a time and as they passed over the fox skins I gave one

bottle of whiskey for each. It was cheap stuff that only cost us eighty or ninety cents before the water was added. Fox skins were cheap too in those days but they would average a return of eight dollars, so at that the trade was not so bad.

“Finally this William Bayliss was the only man left. He had no fox skins but said he had money. I told him I did not sell the elixir of joy for any such base substitute. He nearly cried, all the time explaining what a good friend of mine he was. ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘your plenty savvies’ have helped our trade a lot!’ He brought out money but I would not accept it until he had three five dollar gold pieces in sight, and then I made him promise he would not tell he had gotten the precious stuff for money or how much he had paid. ‘You no tell,’ I said, and he made his mouth round and put his finger over it and said, ‘no tell.’ So that is the way I got even with the smart gink. I did not get the best of all of them though,” the narrator concluded reminiscently, “one of the fox skins I had thrown behind me in a hurry as I passed out the bottles proved to be a rabbit skin with a fox’s tail sewed on—worth about ten cents for the tail.”

Joe Bernard was wrecked that winter on the Siberian coast. The ice ripped out a great section of the hull of the *Teddy Bear* and forced the vessel



Characteristic Women's Dress for Both Coast Chukchis and Eskimo

It is a baggy union suit of reindeer skin, more often than not hung from one shoulder only, with arm and breast exposed



The Village at Emma Harbor

Is at the water's edge on the east side backed by low foot hills. Here is the best harbor in Northern Siberia, completely landlocked and large enough to float the navies of the world.



The *Silver Wave*

Which landed Stefansson's party on Wrangell Island in 1921, to replace the Stars and Stripes with the Union Jack, and which was lost in the ice floes a few years later

high and dry on the rocky shore. Lacking lumber he sheathed over the hole with planking adzed from whale ribs, and by the time open water appeared had evolved a successful plan for getting her afloat. He could not drag his vessel directly out to sea because he had not sufficient weight of anchors to pull against and he could not push her off because he lacked ways and jacks. Instead he ran out a cable along the shore and made it fast to a "deadman" and with improvised skids of bones and prys of booms set at a slight angle with the shore and with tackle on the windlass hitched the vessel ahead and outward at the same time so that when the schooner had been dragged longitudinally a thousand feet it had been thrust outward by the wedged booms the fifty or sixty feet necessary to get her afloat. The mechanical principle was original so far as Bernard is concerned. The ability to overcome heartrending obstacles alone enables such hardy adventurers to survive.

CHAPTER IV

NOME

THE *Victoria* came to anchor at midnight on June 18 a mile out at sea in front of Nome. At 4 A.M. we were lightered ashore and landed on the beach just as in the old days, as the ice during the winter had put the pile dock out of commission. A short distance west of the *Victoria* the United States Revenue Cutter *Bear* lay at anchor and just beyond her the *Herman* the Arctic trading schooner that brought Amundsen from East Cape the previous day. No other boats were in the water except two lighters and a big launch for towing them, but along the beach, blocked up well above the high water mark were the little sloops and schooners forty to eighty feet over all of the modern vikings.

The *Bear* had instructions from Washington to tow my five horses across to Siberia on a lighter. I had never liked this plan and had tried by correspondence to change it but had failed, and afterwards had tried to secure the services of some other boat but without success, because the trading vessels at Nome were too small to carry horses. It

is two hundred and forty miles across to Siberia and I feared the horses would be drowned if we tried the lighter experiment. Things had gotten messed in the official correspondence. Captain Cochrane of the *Bear* had written that the only way to get the horses into Mechigme Bay was on a lighter because on account of her draft the cutter could not enter. This had resulted in the decision to take a barge all the way from Nome. I had insisted that another harbor in Siberia would answer equally well and that I did not want the lighter but was met by the objection that Captain Cochrane did not want the horses on his vessel. It was said that a lighter could easily be secured. This was the situation at the time I left New York.

In Nome I soon found it was impossible to charter a lighter. The lighterage company had constant use for the two that were in the water and could not spare them, and would not if they could on account of the risk involved. It was not a question of money, they needed the lighters to unload steamers and keep the North supplied with food and merchandise. There were unused lighters on the beach and I almost concluded a contract for one, having agreed to the terms of rental and cash guarantee for her safe return, when having gotten in touch with the caulkers I learned they would not promise to get her in the water in less than

four weeks' time. I knew that Captain Cochrane's schedule would not permit this delay, and neither did I want to lose the hunting time.

Our horses were following on the freighter *Ketchikan*, from Seattle but I made arrangements with Billy Rowe the truckman in Nome for an exchange, so that we could get five pack animals at once if required. Then I went aboard the *Bear* and had a conference with Captain Cochrane and asked him to take the horses on the foredeck. Captain Cochrane flatly declined to do this. I had been informed that the *Bear* had transported at times as many as sixty or seventy reindeer for the natives, which would take up ten times the space required for the horses, and I told him that I would have each horse crated and cared for while on the vessel, but all without avail. The Captain said the cutter had been altered and that conditions had changed. As a last resort I asked that two horses only be taken, but this request was also refused. Captain Cochrane told me that he would leave for Siberia in about a week and that he would carry Taylor and myself across but that without a lighter the horses would have to be left behind. There really was no good reason why the horses could not have been carried on the *Bear* as there was ample room, afterwards littered up with reindeer carcasses. If an Eskimo had asked it the thing prob-

ably would have been done, for it was a fad just then to coddle the Eskimos at the expense of white men.

The *Bear* left for a short visit to St. Michaels and during the interval I scoured the sea front in a final effort to secure some means of getting the horses across. Either Taylor or I followed up every piece of information we could secure about boats which might be used to transport two or three horses even if we could not arrange for the full number. Disappointment over our lack of success was mellowed by the fine, friendly atmosphere of this northern community. For one thing we learned to know the Lomen family. The Lomens are an institution in Nome, they are foremost in the reindeer industry and in quite a bit of the retail trade, and leaders in civic matters as well. Besides Judge and Mrs. Lomen there are five sons, a daughter and grandchildren. When we left we carried with us to Siberia among other pleasant recollections the melody of Helen Lomen's songs and the memory of a united, loyal family. Nansen is a friend of the Lomens and so are Amundsen, Stefansson and Captain Bartlett.

Nome is ninety degrees west of New York City, or one quarter the distance around the world. Seattle is longitudinally midway between New York and Nome. Watches are commonly changed

one hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude crossed, so there are three changes from New York to Seattle and three from Seattle to Nome. The distance, however, is nearly a thousand miles shorter from Seattle to Nome than from Seattle to New York. Moreover when traveling from Seattle to Nome the steamer appears always to be going north, and does go far enough north to almost reach the Arctic Circle. One does not face the setting sun on the Nome voyage as on the railroad trip to Seattle. It is difficult, therefore, to realize how the westing is made.

The answer is of course to be found in the rapidly shortening distances between parallels of longitude as one approaches the pole. This is the reason why great circle courses are followed when possible in navigation instead of straight lines ruled on the map. We have learned our geography too much from flat maps and neglected the graphic representation of the old style globes. In the neighborhood of Nome, one who is traveling east or west crosses parallels of longitude so fast it makes his head swim. He has to go only about five hundred miles west to be straight north of New Zealand. Express steamers passing between San Francisco and Tokio circle a thousand miles north of a line connecting the ports, to the neighborhood of the Aleutian Islands, to make the crossing, apparently

far out of their way but in reality making a great saving in the distance to be traveled.

Recent geological reports credit Nome with still having two hundred millions of unmined gold awaiting production, but the day of the pick and shovel miner long ago passed and the beach is bare of rockers. Future development will be on a constantly increasing scale of expenditure. A sea-level ditch to open up a great extent of tundra that cannot now be cleared of seepage water by pumping will undoubtedly mark the final chapter so far as mining is concerned.

Mining costs are unnecessarily high. Coal of good quality exists in quantity near Cape Lisbourne a few hundred miles away but that which is actually used comes from British Columbia and costs forty-five dollars per ton landed at Nome. A little further north on the Arctic coast are extensive oil seepages and many people think that underlying the surface is the greatest undeveloped oil basin in the world, but it has not yet been tapped and gasoline sells for double the price in the States. Wages are high and so are supplies. It cost from \$300 to \$500 for feed to carry a horse through the winter. Hay sells for \$100 per ton and oats \$135. Consequently only the richest ground is being worked.

The coming industry of this country is rein-

deer ranching. Already it is a very important business. The dressed meat is shipped from Nome all over the United States and if the reader lives in any fairly large city his butcher can get him the venison. Lomen and Company have a hundred and thirty thousand reindeer and there are many other smaller herds, chiefly in native ownership. At the present rate of increase inside the next decade this part of Alaska will have double the number of reindeer found in all of Scandinavia. It is a better country for them, and the Alaskan animals will average nearly twice as much in weight as those from Norway, Sweden or Finland.

Nome has other handicaps than winter cold to develop sturdiness in her citizens. In 1920, when the *Victoria* arrived June 18 on her first trip of the season the passengers were landed on the ice four miles out at sea and either walked ashore or were carried with dog sledges. There is no harbor, only an open roadstead and arrivals are at times detained on the steamer for a week or more by rough weather before they can be landed. With a southwest wind blowing Bering Sea piles up on the beach so that no boat can get through the breakers.

For those who love forests the outlook is depressing. There are people in Nome who have not seen a growing tree in twenty years. Christmas

trees are sledded in from the Norton Sound country. Tree nesting birds, which are abundant, build on telephone poles or houses or scrap piles. The birds get along without trees however just as well as do the other citizens.

During our stay a polar bear paid a visit to the *Victoria*. He swam around the steamer and created a sensation among the negro waiters. Some fed him scraps from the galley while others, more fearful, pelted him with coal. There were no rifles on the vessel and a wireless message was sent to Captain Ross of the Coast Guard to come out and capture the bear. The Captain lost so much time looking for me that when he got to the *Victoria* the bear had dissappeared in the fog, swimming north in the direction of Bering Strait. It would have added local color if the bear had come ashore, as might well have happened, and paraded up Front Street.

At this time of year the daylight is continuous. Writing at midnight I could hear the nearby laughter of children in the street and further off the sawing and hammering of carpenters. Nights have their advantages after all. Here one is tempted to stay up all the time.

The day before that set for leaving Nome an opportunity materialized which for a time seemed to promise the solution of the horse problem. Bob

Adams who had the charter of the *Silver Wave* from July first for his dash to the oil country kindly agreed to let me have a few days of his time if Captain Hammer, part owner of the vessel would start at once with me to Siberia. The *Silver Wave* was being put in commission at Port Safety, east of Nome. I got Captain Hammer on the telephone and secured a promise that he would carry two of the horses across. Late that night, however, he came to Nome and told me it was not he who was going but Max or "Mike" Gottschalk. There were weighty reasons that made it impossible to accept and it ended by our going to Siberia in the *Bear* without the horses, and without any very definite idea as to how we would be able to transport our supplies when we got there.

Max Gottschalk is the real sea wolf of the North. Alexander McLean, who served as the model for Jack London's character in fiction, was milk and water compared with the cognac of Max Gottschalk. During the month of my stay in Nome after returning from Siberia I saw much of Max. His first question was as to why I had not employed his vessel to take me to Siberia. I told him frankly I could not handicap my expedition by an association with a man for whose capture the Bolsheviks offered a price dead or alive and that his seizure of the coal at Emma Harbor would have

added to my difficulties in landing there. "You would have sailed away and left me to account for your sins," said I, "I could not take the chance."

"I did not steal their coal," said Max, "I was just collecting a debt," and he laughed so infectiously that one was forced to join in whether he liked it or not. Max is always collecting debts of this character. "I did not steal their coal," said he. "It was the only way I could get even with the bunch. When I took Miss Kelly over last summer they first grafted \$500 from me and afterwards robbed me of \$250. Just as I was landing my lady their boat came around the point and blocked my getaway. I bought my head fair and square for \$500, those bastards want graft first and blood afterwards, but while we were drinking to the bargain they snitched the \$250. They had my cash so I took their coal."

Max sailed to Emma Harbor and hired Eskimos to load his vessel, but after they had worked part of a day "Dr." Vasily pulled them off. This was the same Vasily who afterwards made me so much trouble. Max went to the village for an explanation, but found Vasily's house barricaded and could not get in. He walked away in plain sight from the windows but a moment later slipped back unobserved and called for admittance in the Chukchi tongue. Vasily was deceived and opened the door.

"When he saw who it was," said Max, "that gentleman nearly dropped dead!

"I asked him what he meant by interfering with government business when I had an order in my pocket from the Revolutionary Committee at Anadair directing me to deliver the coal to the Nachalnik at Whalen?" Max glared truculently and slapped his pocket to imply the presence of the document. "The damn fool did not ask to see the order. I got the men back, put on a full cargo and sold the coal in Nome for \$25 a ton." Max laughed his care free, contagious laugh. Despite his record as a pirate, men like Max for that laugh and for his daring.

The story of Max's exploits would fill a dozen volumes. He is a man in the raw, unmoral rather than immoral, a careless gambler with death. Captured like Samson by woman's guile at Bering Strait, he was sentenced to death at Vladivostock, but before he could be executed the Czar was overthrown, and along with other prisoners he was released. A few weeks later he sailed back North with a vessel and a cargo he had requisitioned. When Nome becomes untenable he has a rendezvous arranged at the tail end of the Aleutians from which to carry on. Max is having his fling before the curtain drops.

CHAPTER V

AMERICA TO ASIA

WE spent twelve days on the *Bear* while trying to break into Siberia. The association with the officers and passengers was extremely pleasant. Among the latter was Jean Dupertius of Nome, Superintendent of the Seward Peninsula District of the U.S. Bureau of Education. Mr. Dupertius was going to St. Lawrence Island to build a new school house, and with the assistance of one white carpenter and some Eskimos he actually put up a fine building in seven days, complete except for shingling and interior finish. Captain J. T. Watkins a hydrographic and geodetic engineer of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey was engaged in taking magnetic observations at various places where the *Bear* touched. A. M. Bailey and R. W. Hendee, representing the Colorado Museum of Natural History, were going respectively to Siberia and to St. Lawrence Island for short collecting trips before traveling to the Arctic Coast of America for the winter. L. P. Harris a California prospector was also on the *Bear*.

We left Nome on June 26 towing a little Eskimo vessel called the *Wislow* which Captain Cochran had agreed to take to St. Lawrence Island for its native owners. I had seen this boat laying against a bulkhead in the Snake River at Nome a few days before and treasured a subconscious prejudice against both vessel and crew, probably on account of some highly scented seal meat exposed on the deck. I little thought at the time that the *Wislow* was fated to play an important part in our future destinies.

The *Bear* followed an erratic but most interesting course. First we sailed to King Island south of Bering Strait, which we reached on June 27 at 7 A.M. This is a precipitous rock seven hundred feet high and about a mile long. It has a population of nearly two hundred Innuits or American Eskimos who leave it annually to summer at Nome. These people live in skin houses lashed to the rock wall of the island in a fashion suggestive of the nests of cliff swallows. Their village overhangs the sea on the south side of the island. We landed without difficulty in a calm, but with the wind from a southerly quarter it is next to impossible to get ashore and the only way the natives can take to the water is by throwing kyaks and occupants from a high rock bodily over the breaking surf into the smoother water beyond. If the boat lights on its

side or upside down it is instantly righted. It is needless to add that the men are fearless seamen. They hunt with single and double kyaks and have many big oomiaks or skin boats for their longer voyages when women and children are taken along. In Asia, plainly visible to the westward, the use of kyaks is unknown to the natives.

The object of the *Bear's* visit, was to give the ship's surgeon an opportunity to care for a boy, who, to revert to the bird simile, had fallen out of his nest and broken his leg. During the winter the islanders had killed twelve polar bears and many walrus and had also secured a "mucky" (thoroughly dead) whale, which was no doubt one of four killed by St. Lawrence Islanders which had been lost in the ice.

The King Islanders are industrious and have plenty to eat and are therefore happy and healthy. They are skilled carvers in ivory and train their children in this and the avocations necessary to their livelihood. We left in the early afternoon headed southwest for St. Lawrence Island and soon ran into a great field of ice floes and small bergs blocking the way. We bucked the ice until far in the night, and made steady progress through it despite the fact that at times we were brought up standing. The *Bear* was built on honor and as strong as human ingenuity and good timber could

make her. She was launched at Greenock, Scotland in 1874, and has been making history in polar waters almost every year since then. The next morning we were at North Cape, St. Lawrence Island.

Here we landed Mr. Dupertius and his carpenter and left the *Wislow* and Captain Sippula and his crew. Captain Cochrane wanted six reindeer for meat for the vessel and a number of us went ashore to get them. I was asked to do the shooting. We waited a long time by a little lagoon half covered with ice, and Bailey and Hendee improved the opportunity by securing eider ducks and other northern specimens for their museum. Finally the Eskimos who had been sent inland appeared driving a herd of sixty or seventy reindeer down from the treeless, snow slashed hills, along the spit between the lagoon and the sea. Sippula, who was standing at my elbow, pointed out a stag which I dropped with a neck shot.

This frightened the reindeer and they started back for the hills, the natives running to head them off, waving their arms and shouting. A number of the deer escaped but the remainder were turned in our direction. Before coming into good range however they broke again and began swimming across the lagoon. Some of the men ran to the other side with the result that the deer were finally



Leonhard Seppala on Dogmobile

Driving his famous Siberians which three times won the All-Alaska Sweepstakes, 408 miles from Nome to Candle and return, the longest and most killing dog race in America. Seppala says they are crossed three ways, dog, wolf and white fox. "Wall" or glass eyes are typical of the husky throwbacks but the white dogs are apt to have china blue eyes with pink noses.





Max Gottschalk, the Real Sea Wolf of the North

rounded up on an ice floe a little distance from shore and separated from the land by deep water, and at a range of seventy yards I killed five more. The six were secured with six shots fired in momentary intervals when their heads were raised and each one was killed instantly. The difficulty was to avoid injuring animals that were not wanted. It was of course nothing but a necessary butchering job, but I am glad to record that it was done humanely and with no injury to the surviving deer.

That night we ran west along the north shore of the island to the village of Gambell, where we spent most of the following day on land with the Eskimos. Gambell has a cooperative store presided over by a native, and a school house, but at this time there was no school teacher nor in fact any white person residing on the Island. The St. Lawrence Island Eskimos while living on territory belonging to the United States are of the same blood and language as the Siberian Eskimos and cannot understand the dialect of the Alaskan mainland Eskimos nor of those living on King Island. They numbered three hundred and eleven and are superior in almost every respect to the other natives with whom we came in contact, and so far ahead of their kinsmen in Siberia that a substantial reason must exist for the difference. The answer I

think is to be found in the fact that as wards of our Federal Bureau of Education they have profited both by education and by contact with many fine men and women who have served here as teachers.

When the terrible influenza epidemic reached Gambell Christmas Day, 1916, Mr. Dupertius and his wife were the only white persons on the island. The entire native population was stricken and one in ten died. Mr. and Mrs. Dupertius ministered to the Eskimos until they both fell victims to the epidemic and even then gave out medicines and directions from their sick beds. Disinterested service of this character furnishes the best possible object lesson and has won the respect and confidence of the natives.

Dupertius has the right idea, with regard to the education of such primitive people. He aims to fit them the better to live their own lives and not to acquire an education merely as an end in itself. He has not ridiculed their traditions but has encouraged them to live up to the best of their inherited beliefs. As a result he has succeeded to a great extent in bringing back to these islanders their former honesty and self respect, qualities which were commonly lost after the advent of the whalers.

Under such guidance the Eskimos have prospered materially and their per capita of wealth has increased. They owned twenty good whale-

boats valued at from \$1,000 to \$1,400 each and two motor boats, one of which cost \$3,000, besides many skin boats, and they also have fine herds of reindeer and other possessions. The younger persons of both sexes read and write and cipher and they long ago graduated from the "easy mark" class from the standpoint of unscrupulous traders.

At Gambell we picked up an American derelict named Bishop whom the *Bear* eventually returned to Nome. Bishop, who had formerly been in the employ of Jack London had spent the winter with the natives on the island. In company with Dr. Brunig of Kansas and Russian Joe of Nome he had started the fall before from Nome for Teller, Alaska, in a small power boat. A terrific storm swept the boat to St. Lawrence Island. The others had left a short time before our arrival and were then at Emma Harbor, Siberia. Dr. Brunig was the leader of the expedition and Bishop said that his intended destination from the first had been Siberia and that the talk of going elsewhere was only a blind. Bishop made many mysterious allusions to Dr. Brunig, and some erratic ones. He said the Doctor was fulfilling prophecy and would return to civilization from Eastern Asia as a new Christ to end the reign of Mammon. We were told that Dr. Brunig was lavishly supplied with money and had lived well during the winter, but

Bishop who had subsisted chiefly on seal meat and who was ill as a result, never voiced a word of criticism. When we arrived at Emma Harbor I suggested that he go ashore and see Brunig, but he merely smiled and shook his head. I told Brunig that we had Bishop on the *Bear*, but he made no comment and the men did not meet.

CHAPTER VI

BREAKING INTO SIBERIA

ON June 30 we ran across to Siberia through floe ice. At times the engines were stopped when we struck particularly heavy masses, and full power was thrown on with the result that the ice moved out of the way. Ahead was a coast line of rugged mountains extending to right and left as far as the eye could reach, a choppy sea of mountains glistening with snow and ice, bleak beyond description and forbidding because of the black color of the rocks where they were exposed. In the afternoon we entered the magnificent twenty-five mile long fiord known as Providence Bay, through its five mile wide entrance. We steamed here in ice free water past the little Plover Bay harbor on the right and ten miles inland turned to the eastward and entered Emma Harbor to find it still covered with floes. Providence Bay in this vicinity is five hundred feet in depth, which is deeper than any soundings given on the American chart of Bering Sea north of the Pribiloff Islands or the neighboring Arctic Ocean. Emma Harbor is

large enough to float the navies of the world and ideally protected. The largest ships can enter or leave at any time they can be on the high seas. The Japanese have had their eyes on this bay, as I shall tell later on. Emma Harbor, by the way, was not named for Emma Goldman but for an old time New Bedford whaler of hallowed memory.

Captain Cochrane had intended to go further north to St. Lawrence Bay for the purpose of cleaning the ship's boilers, but changed his plan to comply with my desire to get in touch with Captain William Thompson, owner of the power schooner *Trader* who had a post at Emma Harbor. I had been assured I could secure the charter of his vessel for my hunting trip. Thompson had been highly recommended by Mr. Reed, Collector of the Port of Nome. I found that Captain Thompson was not in the little settlement on the east side of the bay which consists, besides the native huts, of Baron Von Klist's former residence, Thompson's store and a Bolshevik cooperative store, but across near the "coal dump" engaged in getting his schooner ready for launching and accordingly made my way to this place and was soon in conference with him. The coal was brought here for the use of the Russian ice breakers, *Taimyr* and *Vaigach* which steamed around the northern extremity of Asia and Europe just before the be-

ginning of the World War, thus making one of the three recorded polar circumnavigations of Eurasia. First was Nordenskjöld with the *Vega*, then the Russians and lastly Amundsen with the *Maud*.

It did not take long to come to an understanding with Captain Thompson, a kindly man, shrewd in the good sense, courageous and honest. He must first make his annual trip to Nome, but after that he would be at my service. He suggested that while waiting we could hunt from a base on John Howland Bay, to the westward which could be reached by securing a whaleboat from a native called Applegate and that as soon as he returned from Nome he would come there and pick us up and take us further along the coast, so that eventually we could get as far as Holy Cross Bay. In the meanwhile our supplies could be put in his storehouse for safe keeping. And so, as far as Captain Thompson and I were concerned the matter was agreeably settled. We had reckoned without our host, however, the host in this instance being the so-called Bolshevik "Dr." Vassily, who assumed to represent the Revolutionary Government at Emma Harbor.

On my return to the *Bear* I found that several Russians and a number of natives had come aboard. Inquiry developed the fact that Applegate was among those present. With the aid of Frank Mc-

Kenna, the native medicine man who spoke intelligible "pidgin" English I soon made a bargain for the use of the whaleboat in exchange for tea and tobacco, and was proceeding to engage some men to handle the boat when suddenly and unaccountably the Eskimos turned away and refused to further discuss the subject. A native who had been talking with one of the Russians had transferred information which caused the change of front. It was not until later on that I grasped the significance of the event.

While waiting for a boat to land our supplies I opened a duffle bag on the after deck to get an apple. There were just two left. Happening to notice a sallow little Russian eyeing me hungrily I gave him one of the apples. He seized it greedily without a word or gesture of thanks. Taylor and I went ashore with the supplies and after they were landed, I went to Vassily's house for the key of Thompson's storehouse. Here I experienced my first real shock. The incident with the natives had not made much of an impression because I thought later on with Thompson's aid I could get the boat crew.

Vassily, who proved to be the man to whom I had presented the apple refused to give up the key, and peremptorily ordered us to leave the country! I tried to reason with him through the medium of



The Cliff Swallow Nests of the King Island Eskimos

This hardy tribe spends nine months of the year, including the winter, on the side of a mountain top which rises 700 feet above the sea. Here they kill whales, walrus, polar bear and seals. The only way they can get to sea when the wind blows toward their side of the island is to have boat and occupants together tossed by man power over the nearest breakers to the smoother water beyond.



Inuit Eskimo Children, King Island

These kids do not go to school as white children understand the term, but the picture is misleading if it conveys the idea that their youthful lives are spent in one long holiday. No children are more highly educated for their specialized life. If this were not the case the race would cease to exist with one generation. Even the smallest of these boys knows the rudiments of hunting and the girls are assisting their mothers in sewing and cooking and perhaps skinning animals and tanning the skins.

Russian Joe and Dr. Brunig, for Vassily could not or would not speak English and I knew no Russian, but it was all to no effect. Vassily said he would confiscate the supplies. I could not restrain a smile at the threat, for through the window Andy Taylor was plainly visible sitting on the cache! There were not enough Vassily's in Siberia to remove him. Recalling a Mexican experience I got Brunig aside and asked if an honorarium would help the situation. Brunig said that in general a present was the thing, but that in this instance it would do no good and only make Vassily the more stubborn, as he was actually that rare bird, in that country, a Bolshevik by conviction.

I left Taylor guarding the supplies and crossed through the ice floes again to Billy Thompson, and he returned with me for a second stormy interview with Vassily. Thompson advanced his arguments in a calm dispassionate way, telling Vassily that the object of my trip was an attempt to settle a question of scientific interest and that it was made with the approval of one of the Bureaus of the American Government. Vassily took immediate offense at this statement. His face became contorted and an insane light leaped in his eyes. He fairly shouted his contempt for things scientific and things American. Finally Thompson grew

angry and told Vassily he was crazy and the interview ended. I had agreed to give any guarantee required, within reason, that I would do no prospecting for gold, nor trading with the natives nor any other thing incompatible with the object of the trip which might prove offensive to the Russians, but it was all to no avail. Vassily not only ordered us to leave, but he included the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Bear* in his mandate.

Vassily had no power to back up his orders, but he could and did prevent Thompson and the natives from assisting my expedition. I did not for one moment blame Captain Thompson because his action, had he taken us then, would have been immediately reported to the Revolutionary Committee at Anadir and he would have had his schooner and property confiscated, that hungry outfit was waiting for just such an excuse for plunder; nor did I blame the natives who had little to lose, but who were docile to imposed authority.

Thompson said that under the circumstances the only thing to be done was to go to Whalen near East Cape for written permission from the Na-chalnik at that place to prosecute the expedition. He would then have no hesitancy in chartering his vessel for our use. East Cape, however, was nearly two hundred miles away, and while the *Bear* was going there to assist Amundsen's ship, I could

learn of no way to return. Moreover, I had made up my mind to hunt the Chukotsk Peninsula with or without permission and if I went to Whalen and was refused a license it would only add to the difficulty. Vassily's inhospitality did not make a hit with Captain Cochrane. On July 4, the *Bear* was decorated on all her masts with the flags of most of the nations of the world and a twenty-one gun salute fired. Vassily had the nerve to come aboard and ask why his flag had not been included!

We waited on the *Bear* for a week while she blew her boilers, and meanwhile hunted the available country west of Providence Bay without finding signs of sheep. I was not idle in trying expedients for getting my supplies transported to John Howland Bay, being confident that once outside the immediate sphere of Vassily's influence we could secure native assistance for packing back into the interior and for water transport with skin boats to new bases. I sent a number of wireless messages to Nome and to Washington, and tried to prevail on Captain Cochrane to give me the use of the *Bear's* launch as far as the first Eskimo village to the westward, but it all came to nothing in the end. During this time the Karaieff trading vessel, *Alaska*, ran into Emma Harbor enroute to Anadir. I had a conference with Alexander Karai-eff and Michael Voronetz which resulted in the

framing of a wireless message dictated by Voronetz and signed by Karaieff, "Rev. Com., Anadir:—American scientists Burnham and Taylor desiring to hunt wish to know if they may come to Anadir to get permits. Personally known to me. Expect to arrive about July 10. If need kerosine for answer take from our station. Reply immediately."

This message was sent by the *Bear's* operators at fifteen minute intervals for three days but received no reply. Meanwhile the operators heard Anadir trying to raise the U. S. Station on St. Paul Island. It was said the revolutionists were listening in on wireless communications at all times, but as they were short of oil to create electrical power for sending it was difficult to get answers. Afterwards I was told that the Revolutionary Committee had already appropriated not only the oil at Karaieff's station but also supplies. If a favorable answer had come Karaieff would have taken us on the *Alaska* first to Anadir and afterwards to one of the hunting localities.

Karaieff and Voronetz were plainly scared. Karaieff said he was not in good standing with the Revolutionary Committee because he had taken away from Anadir men who would otherwise have been executed, but it was commonly stated his sympathies with the Kolchak government had been

too pronounced. Voronetz in particular feared the consequences of their visit to Anadir. They had picked up the traders from their posts on the northern coast and had a husky set of fighting men on board. Voronetz said they never landed unless fully armed.

Among the party was a cousin of Alexander Karaieff named Feodore. A year later Johnny Felkel, one of the shrewdest and pluckiest traders of the north, told me of an experience with Feodore, at the time Felkel's vessel, the *Iskum*, was captured by the so-called Bolsheviki at East Cape. The "big stiff," as Johnny called him had come in power, as the result of the overthrow of the former "government." Besides the *Iskum* two other American trading vessels, the *Blue Sea* and the *Silver Wave* had been captured, and the crews were eating under a tent made from a sail. Felkel's first meal ashore ended in a tragedy. Feodore Karaieff recognized a sailor who several months before in Nome had joshed him, and placing the muzzle of a rifle against the back of the man's head blew his brains the length of the table. Johnny said, "some of it came in my soup . . . it spoiled the meal for me!" The body was thrown out for dog feed, and things went on as usual.

Our wireless messages to Nome failed to secure a vessel as the oil rush to the Arctic had taken the

boats not already chartered by the fur traders. We had finished hunting the sheep country accessible from this place. Whenever we walked through the settlement Vassily at the first sight of us dived into his house like a rabbit into his burrow. This man would have been a joke if it had not been for his ability to cut us off from the means of transportation. With horses we should have been independent. So we returned with the *Bear* to St. Lawrence Island and there made a bargain with the Eskimo, Sippula, for the use of his catboat to take us back to the Chukotsk with our supplies.

Sippula knew nothing about the Bolsheviki, which under the circumstances was just as well, but his knowledge of the Siberian coast was equally limited, which was not so fortunate. The *Wislow* was twenty-eight feet over all and had a two cylinder, eight-horse-power engine. Her hull was so rotten that one could have kicked a hole through it and she needed a drastic fumigation a great deal more than the coat of paint through which she had lost the "N" of her christened name. I asked Taylor if he was willing to chance it and he replied with a laconic "Sure!" Two hours later, our supplies having been landed, we watched the *Bear* disappear to the north under a very angry sky.

It was with regret that we parted from the pleasant company on the cutter. As a last kindly service

they undertook to make the attempt to secure licenses for us at East Cape which would be given to Captain Thompson on his arrival at Nome so that he could follow and locate us by enquiring our whereabouts at native villages on the coast.

Harris, the California prospector, returned on the *Bear* to Alaska. The net result of his visit to Siberia was a collection of snap-shots of naked Eskimo women. I was surprised to learn he had secured such pictures until I found that neither the native women nor men thought it anything unusual, and that it was a matter of indifference to the subject whether the photograph was taken with or without clothing. It is not that they are immoral, but simply that they have a difference in standards, possibly more apparent than real. Their standard of modesty has to do with words, and in this they are more consistent than is our present-day civilization. It is not considered immodest for a woman to appear unclothed in public, but if this same woman uses what they think an improper form of language she places herself beyond the pale and is looked upon as an outcast from society. Eskimos and Chukchis are alike in this. The Eskimos are imitative and have probably copied the custom from their neighbors. It consists in a different form of words for the women from the language spoken by the men. When a man asks

"What is it?" he says, "Rha annut?" The woman says "Tsannit?" Sinew in the man's form is "rhet-det," in the woman's, "zitzit." The woman uses sibilants in place of the masculine gutturals. And so they are modest according to their standards just as was Eve in the Garden.

Alexander Karaieff, a trader who wintered at the Eskimo village at Indian Point, learned the language as an aid to his business. He made the mistake of learning it from the women. The men of course understand what he says, but he has become the laughing stock of the tribe. I mentioned his name to some Eskimos who at once laughed derisively. "Him, *Wahene* Karaieff," said one. "Wahene" (probably Kanaka) means woman, and the name "Woman Karaieff" is tagged to the trader for life in the form of a liability instead of an asset.

A week's stay in Siberia was enough for Harris. After he had gotten his feet tangled in a human thorax and stumbled over a few stray skulls in the dark he lost his interest in prospecting. Then, too, he heard of the wanton murders committed by the gang of cut-throats, self-styled Bolsheviki, at Anadir. Human life was cheap and little respected. The atmosphere was one of distrust and suspicion, only equaled in my experience by the suspense of the bandit country in Mexico. It was not so bad,



U. S. Coast Guard Steamer, the *Bear*, Emma Harbor, July 2, 1921



Alex. Karaieff and Michael Voronetz

(Left to right) waiting at Emma Harbor for the permission of the Revolutionary Committee to continue their voyage to Anadir



Native Children, Emma Harbor

The little girl on the right is a half breed Russian whose father disappeared before she was born

however, because in Mexico there is also a pronounced sense of danger through cleverly planned treachery. The Mexican bandits are more ingenious in their deviltry and more enterprising. The Anadir bandits were sodden with hootch and little interested in what happened outside their immediate bailiwick. After our experience with Vasily, Taylor and I felt only contempt for the tribe.

Taylor and I camped in the school house. We had promised Mr. Dupertius when he left on the *Bear* that we would not take his Eskimos away until the roof was shingled. When the men appeared in the morning the threatened storm was in full blast. It was soon apparent the natives did not intend to work that day but as Taylor and I had no desire to remain on the island any longer than was absolutely necessary we set them an example by mounting the scaffolding and beginning the shingling of one of the valleys connecting the porch with the main roof and before long most of the Eskimos joined us. It rained off and on and blew great guns all day. Loose shingles were flying over the landscape and at times it was all the men could do to hang on but we made good progress and got to straight work above the valleys before the day was over. In the afternoon four men fell with the scaffold on which they were standing and broke one of the windows, the only casualty, and at four

we stopped, being very wet and very cold. The Eskimos were in better shape because most of them wore rain parkas made from walrus entrails split and sewed together and seal skin trousers which protected them from the weather.

The next day a large force of Eskimos appeared and things were progressing so well that Taylor and I made a trip to look up walrus. Several walrus had been sighted only a short distance out at sea and some reindeer herders who had just arrived said they had seen many beyond Kukuluk. We went about six miles east nearly to the three Stolbi Rocks, which rise to a considerable height almost vertically from the sea and then had to give up and run into shelter at Kukuluk on account of rough water. Just after starting a hair seal came to the surface twenty feet away in the wake of the boat, gave us the once over, and dived before a shot could be fired. At Kukuluk we found two nests of eider ducks and walked among the bones and human skulls of this place of tragedy.

The village site is on a bleak point with a jagged reef in front white with foam. To the eastward the Stolbi Rocks rise from the sea looking like schooner's sails. The underground houses are grouped closely like buildings on a village street. There are upwards of a hundred of these abandoned homes with roofs caved in but the ribs and

jaw bones of whales that served as rafters are still sound and the larger pieces would make fine material for pergolas as they are lichen covered and weathered in beautiful shades of gray and yellow. The place must have been a very ancient settlement, as it is raised fifteen feet or more above the surrounding level by an accretion of bones and soil formed from the débris of human occupation. The ground around the village is literally covered with the bony remains of seals, walrus and whales, and among these are still to be seen quantities of human skulls and vertebræ. Sippula and his fellows are descendents of the few survivors of what may well be termed the massacre of St. Lawrence Island.

The story of Kukuluk is an illustration of the wrongs inflicted on the natives by white men. Native women were considered to be legitimate prey and men were enticed to work on the whaling ships and sometimes never returned to their homes and at other times were given for pay pictures showing the hard-tack and pork they should have received. They were cheated and misused and debauched with whiskey. It speaks well for human nature as given by the Creator that such injustices have produced no crops of dragon's teeth. The sins of the fathers may have been visited on the children of the perpetrators, but the children of the victims

cherish no thought of revenge. I know of no civilized community where human life and property is safer than on St. Lawrence Island without the slightest protection of police or courts of law.

In 1880 more than a thousand natives perished here as the direct result of the action of American whalers engaged in trading. The story as told on the *Victoria* is that the man chiefly responsible for the tragedy was James McKenna who at one time owned twenty whaling vessels. McKenna himself never drank or smoked but would "feed whiskey to a baby" where a profit was involved. He was a ready talker and passed as a good fellow with those who did not know his history.

The fall of 1879 McKenna traded the St. Lawrence Islanders rum and while they were drunk not only secured their furs and skins but their stores of seal oil and blubber. The natives lost their fall fishing and hunting on which they were dependent for the winter food supply and as a consequence more than ninety per cent of the population of the island died of starvation. The only survivors were Eskimos living at remote places not reached by the traders.

Rumor of this occurrence went out the following year and Dr. E. W. Nelson, in 1881, landed on the island in quest of ethnological specimens. Kukuluk was a charnel house; no living soul remained, but

everywhere were the dead. Many bodies were found where they had been piled up for burial, but the latest to die were in the houses. One man had fallen at the back of a sled on which was a corpse he had been taking outside the village; no remains of babies or small children were found, a fact of pitiful significance. McKenna took everything as a joke. When decent thinking men insulted him he grinned and passed on. One of the executives of the U.S. Bureau of Education is said to have given McKenna a scathing rebuke for his rum trading with the natives. "Tut, tut, man I just sell them Snake River," said McKenna deprecatingly. "There is so much water in the stuff it would not harm an infant."

CHAPTER VII

MASINKA LAND

THE passage from St. Lawrence Island to Siberia was none too comfortable. An open whaleboat we had in tow was several feet longer than our vessel. Taylor and I lay on top of the cabin and watched the western mountains rise and take shape as the island behind grew fainter to view on the horizon. The *Wislow* pitched and rolled and at times when bucking a particularly heavy swell came to a dead stop in a smother of spray. Bering Sea has not the smell of the Atlantic. The delightful salt tang is missing. It is a very shallow sea fed by fresh water from melting ice and from rivers, and the percentage of brine must be low. We noted that there was very much more snow ahead than on the American shore which we had left behind.

We had supper of tea brewed over a primus stove and hard-tack and later on tried to get a little sleep. The port holes were open, but the smell of seal oil and Eskimos, which is also seal oil, was nauseating. I would have slept outside except for the fact that there was nothing to which I could lash

myself. About midnight we reached Small Marcus Bay according to an Eskimo passenger who had come across in search of a wife. This is part of the fiord called on the charts Takachen Bay. Here, after a long parley with the natives Sippula left the whaleboat which was destined for delivery to a purchaser at Indian Point to the eastward. We then proceeded west, skirting the coast very closely.

At six in the morning Sippula waked me to find out where he was, as he had lost touch with the land. Neither he nor any of his crew had ever sailed these waters and they knew nothing about the coast line. I got my chart and copy of the Asiatic Pilot, and the next four or five hours were spent in trying to locate our position. The name of John Howland Bay is not on the chart, and I was uncertain as to which of several indentations it might be. The detail of the chart is untrustworthy to a degree, and the descriptions of the coast contour given in the Asiatic Pilot are worthless to the inshore navigator. A heavy fog blanketed the sea and the *Wislow's* compass was affected by some local attraction which made it at times vary a whole quadrant from my pocket compass held a few feet away. A storm was brewing. The wind from the southeast made the coast a lee shore and already the warning swell was becoming heavy. I guessed that Sippula became lost crossing the wide

entrance to Providence Bay, and set a northwest course which we kept for nearly two hours without picking up land. We had been out long enough to have reached our destination and could not afford to overrun John Howland Bay, because it was essential that the *Wislow* land us and get back to shelter as quickly as possible. The bay itself is an open roadstead, and affords no protection from the sea. A man familiar with this coast would have known that we were breasting a strong head current which runs from the westward and on through Bering Strait, but being ignorant we neglected this factor in our dead reckoning.

The sea and air were full of birds. Lesser auklets flapped along the water or buzzed by like flocks of bumblebees. Thousands of murres scurried hither and thither in aimless flight. Red-beaked puffins labored by, seemingly breathless with anxiety. Cormorants, or "shags," stretched to black streaks, appeared and disappeared. Big white gulls lounged lazily on set pinions or rested on the sea. They alone seemed unconcerned at our presence.

It is dangerous to run in close in a fog on account of the reefs and rock pinnacles that stand as outposts in the sea in front of most of the capes. We, however, had to raise the land, and, after trying north-northwest for a time, headed the boat

straight north. All hands were now on deck peering in an effort to penetrate the gloom. It was Sippula who first saw the breakers looking like a long streak of snow. Then looming far overhead appeared the jagged front of a thousand-foot cliff.

The wheel was spun over and we steered west, but almost immediately rocks and breakers appeared dead ahead, and very close. Instantly we turned south, just escaping the danger. The engine was limping on one lung, and threatening momentarily to expire. For a while it did not seem we would get away. It would have been all day with us if we had gone on the rocks, as the surf was too heavy for swimming, and the cliffs too steep to climb, and the water paralyzingly cold. Our seven-foot skin dingey was useless except in still water. We put out to sea and lost touch with the land. After a time we again headed northward, and again saw the white line and the cliffs. Many times the process was repeated before, instead of the cliffs, we made out dimly a line of sand-dunes, and, running the *Wislow* almost into the breakers, saw a dog on the beach.

The tension was broken. The Eskimos all began talking, and there was confidence in their voices. Seeing the dog, they knew that human beings could not be far distant. Then through the mist appeared the yellow domes of twenty or more walrus-

hide-covered huts, or mongteras, and skin boats supported on posts of bone six feet or so above the ground, and the dim figures of men. Sippula, with pride in his voice, said: "These are my people!" referring to the relationship of the St. Lawrence Islanders to the Siberian Eskimos. They call themselves "Masinka" which may be freely translated "the chosen people."

Anchor was dropped less than a hundred yards from the double line of breakers that piled up on the beach and now and again shot clouds of water twenty feet into the air. Sippula requested a boat, but the Masinka at first told us to come ashore by the aid of our own facilities. In the end a group detached itself from the others and carried one of their long skin boats to the water's edge. Though made from only one split walrus hide it was longer than our vessel. In such a sea coast-guards would hesitate to launch a life boat. We watched with admiration the skill and daring of these native surf-men. The boat was placed at the water's edge and three men with long paddles sat in the bow while a dozen others ranged themselves on either side and waited several minutes for the less aggressive type of waves they wanted. When these came, with a shout, the boat was hurled into the retreating waters and the men piled aboard, the steersman being the last. Out shot the boat over a wave which

this time did not break until it reached the beach behind them. Every man was paddling or rowing as if his life depended on it.

A moment later the boat was along side and our Eskimos were in conversation with their skin clad relatives and we found that we had reached "Small" John Howland Bay at the village of Imtook. We asked about *peneak* which is the Masinka name for mountain sheep, and were advised to go four miles further to Sharrainnik on Big John Howland Bay. None of these names will be found on any chart or map because there is no harbor and the locality is not of interest to deep water sailors. The weather was so threatening that Sippula learning of a channel into the lagoon under the mountain to the east started his engine and ran back to investigate. There was no break, however, in the line of the surf, and the entrance was not attempted.

The tactics used for landing with the skin boat was interesting. On the way out the natives had dropped over an anchor attached to a rawhide line buoyed with an inflated seal skin, which latter was bobbing about just outside the breakers. Reaching this buoy on the return trip the steersman caught the anchor thong and held the boat, and the bowman hurled the end of a coil of walrus hide line to the men on the shore. When the moment of

lesser waves came the steersman shouted and let go. The men in the boat released a splendid burst of energy with oars and paddles and the men ashore ran up the beach with the tow line and in a jiffy the boat was high and dry above the breakers. This process was repeated when we reached Shairrainnik after having dodged successfully the floats of several seal nets. Taylor and I together with half a ton of duffle and supplies were safely landed on the beach with nothing seriously wetted.

As a matter of fact I made two trips ashore, the first in company with Sippula to arrange for stopping at the place. Sippula took me to the mongtera of one of the local leading men whose name was Eyah. This was the hut in which he happened to be at the time, but he had another abode and family next door. The hut was about twenty feet in diameter, with the rear end walled off with deer skins for the family bed. We sat on the log in front of the bed while one of Eyah's wives made tea over a moss fire in the center of the place. She was kept busy shredding the moss and feeding it to the fire so as to get the maximum flame with the least expenditure of fuel. The women wear baggy union suits of reindeer skin with no skirts. Quite commonly the garment hangs from one shoulder, the arm and breast being exposed and sometimes the whole upper body; either they

are too hot or desire greater freedom of movement. They are not at all self conscious and consider it no profanation to be seen unclothed. There is no visible evidence that they ever bathe, but the dirt is only a shade darker than their brown bodies and the effect is not so unpleasing as with a white skin. Boys and girls are commonly married at fifteen years of age. They are a short lived race and the women lose whatever they have of good looks between twenty and twenty-five and the men are old at forty.

Pollister of the *Chukotsk* told me he was the guest of an Eskimo family who happened to have a cup of flour in the larder, and the head wife, knowing the white man's liking for bread, proceeded to make some in his honor. She mixed the flour with water and then slipping her clothing about her feet and sitting down she kneaded the dough on her thigh. Pollister watched the action with apprehension which was fully justified. The leg became much lighter in color, but the dough did not. Instead it assumed a rich brown. When the loaf was ready Pollister ate it. He would not offend the woman despite the fact that he knew she had not been bathed since at birth her mother gave the baby her first and only cleansing with her tongue.

Sippula and Eyah exchanged the amenities. Ap-

parently one would tell a piece of news, how the walrus were running or how many whales or polar bears they had killed and then the other would give similar facts, punctuated on the part of the listener by frequent "ayes" and "ahas". My appreciation of the tea was ruined by the fact that I saw the saucer licked by the hostess to cleanse it of visible impurity before it was given me, the cup having gone through a similar process. I never batted an eyelid but the taste of seal oil from the woman's tongue was the predominating flavor!

After tea I gave the children chewing gum, boys over seven and women commonly prefer tobacco. Then we talked peneak, or perhaps more phonetically, penake with the accent on the "ake." Eyah said that no sheep had been seen or killed in recent years but that in time past they had been found even on the cliffs fronting the sea. We made a bargain with him for the use of a storehouse. Sippula told those present not to steal our supplies and to notify the other villagers to this effect. After the outfit was landed the *Wislow* disappeared in the fog.

On account of the danger of swamping in the surf I had only brought a part of our supplies ashore as we could not afford to take the chance of losing everything by such an accident. Sippula had agreed to return in two weeks and at that time

was to bring with him the remainder of the things. He was also to stop at Emma Harbor to deliver a note telling Thompson where to find us. It would be more comfortable to make succeeding laps of the journey on the larger and cleaner boat and with a captain who knew the coast. I assumed that Thompson would either have received the hunting permits or that as we were now outside the sphere of Bolshevik observation would come without them. It was desirable, of course, to preserve some line of communication with the outside world so I impressed on Sippula's mind that with or without Thompson he was to return.

A motley throng of men and boys packed our supplies to the store house a quarter of a mile inland from the village. They wanted pay for their services and were each given a cut of plug tobacco, worth twenty-five cents. Tilyaka the medicine man, demanded four plugs because he had been drenched by the surf. He proved the fact by unfastening his belt and letting water out on the ground from the fold in front of his naked stomach. I made the mistake of giving him more tobacco and at once most of the others advanced reasons why they should be similarly rewarded. Those who knew no English got others to murder the language for them or resorted to signs. Men who had been paid said they had received nothing. From the

gesticulations and volume of sound it might have been a Donnybrook Fair. We shut down then and there and passed out no more tobacco. Then they tried a new game. Some of them had been paid with Star tobacco which costs more than the cheap black stuff that is commonly traded to natives. I was not familiar with the values but the natives were. Those who had received Star wanted to trade it for Navy. This was all right until it appeared that for each plug of the yellow they expected to receive two of the black. The man who owned the skin boat used in bringing our supplies ashore asked for two dollars in goods and got it.

There were thirty or forty Eskimos and three Chukchi deer men who had come to the coast to trade in a room twelve by twenty in size. We put all our things in an ell at one corner, but we needed badly more space to prepare and eat dinner. Taylor sent a boy for water who immediately demanded pay. One of the men who pretended he had been underpaid exhibited the evidence and joked with the others in a loud voice evidently to the effect that we were "tight wads." The Chukchis understood and appreciated this performance and laughed more than the Eskimos and in a much more derisive way.

Then women began arriving and presently everybody produced things they wanted to barter. The



Sippula, the Uncrowned King of St. Lawrence Island

Eskimos are communists with no chiefs or rulers. The family represents the State. Yet this man, from sheer native ability, is boss of the reindeer and the walrus hunting and nearly everything else that enters into the life of his people.



The Site of the Former Masinka Village of Kukulook on St. Lawrence Island

In 1878 nearly 1,000 Masinka Eskimos died of starvation on St. Lawrence Island as a direct result of the cupidity of white traders

tone changed. They were very poor and no schooners stopped to trade with them. They begged for sugar, tea and hard-tack, and offered small bits of ivory and things manufactured from skin in exchange. Taylor became exasperated but it seemed diplomacy to humor them to some extent, and we made a few trades with as many individuals as possible, chiefly for old ivory for souvenirs. Meanwhile Taylor prepared the meal and after eating we cleared the Eskimos and Chukchis by brute force from the place and got to bed at two in the morning.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CHUKOTSK

THE Chukotsk District of Siberia is separated from the Kolyma and Anadir Districts by a line running from the head of Holy Cross Bay to the head of Chaun Bay on the Arctic Ocean and includes the peninsula of the same name. The district is nearly 500 miles in length by about 150 in width, which would give it an area of some seventy-five thousand square miles, or one and a half times the size of the State of New York. More than half this area, however, belongs to the main land and is not included in the peninsula.

The northern side has more or less tundra and is not notably mountainous except for the corner between Kolyuchin Bay and East Cape. The remainder of the peninsula is very rough with practically no level country aside from the tundra strip to the eastward of Holy Cross Bay. Seen from an aeroplane it would appear as a mass of low mountain ranges indescribably jumbled, running in elevation from two to four thousand feet. These mountains are sterile to a degree, sprinkled with

glaciers and never entirely free from snow except on the southern exposures. Most have glaciated, rounded tops with steeply sloping sides of slide rock, but crater mountains with knife blade edges, and serrated ridges of fantastically shaped rock masses projected upward by volcanic action are very common. Along the coast for several hundred miles from East Cape to Cape Bering the mountains break abruptly into the sea, and both the fiords and sea frontage present a spectacle that is impressive in its wild ruggedness. Beyond Cape Bering to Kanginin Bay, near the head of Holy Cross Bay, there is an ever widening belt of tundra between the sea and mountains. Looking northeast from Kanginin Bay only a few low hills can be seen in the distance, and it is said that this strip of low country cuts across the inner end of the peninsula all the way to the Arctic Ocean. The natives have one or more important routes of winter travel here from Holy Cross Bay to the Arctic. At the head of Holy Cross Bay there is a fine group of high mountains culminating in Matasingi Peak. I am, however, of the opinion that this mountain is not so lofty as the 9180 feet with which it is credited on the charts. There are a number of other high peaks north and west of Egviskinot and Etelkuyum Bays, which appear to merge without break to the westward into the great Stanavoi range.

The watershed is very near the easterly and southerly sides of the peninsula. There are no large rivers emptying into Bering Sea, and no rivers suitable even for canoes except for negligible distances. All the larger streams flow into the Arctic Ocean. In general those emptying into Bering Sea run down old fiord valleys which they have filled with silt and over which they spread in many shallow, dashing channels. The streams and their tributaries take their rise in small glaciers. In many instances they discharge into shallow, brackish lagoons behind gravel spits thrown back by the sea from the débris brought down by the streams. Salmon run into the mouths of these rivers but do not ascend any great distance and few of the streams are more than twenty miles in length.

There is another route of winter travel across the peninsula from Whaler's Bay on the Gulf of Anadir to Kolyuchin Bay on the Arctic side, and a route used both winter and summer from Mechigme Bay to Kolyuchin Bay. It is said that the natives in summer carry their skin boats across a comparatively short portage from the north arm of Mechigme Bay to a lake at the headwaters of a river running into Kolyuchin Bay, and that this Ugney River is freely navigable for its entire length. The interior of the peninsula is known only to the nomadic Chukchis. Even the charts of the

coast are very defective except for specific places where surveys have been made, as for example Emma Harbor. It is a fact that navigators in part are still compelled to rely on the hasty observations of Captain Cook and Vitus Bering made two centuries ago. Geographically, biologically and geologically the Chukotsk is almost virgin ground. There is no other so easily approachable part of the world about which less is known than the interior of this peninsula.

This lack of information would not exist if Cyrus Field had not laid the Atlantic Cable just when he did, for the Chukotsk was on the direct route of what would no doubt have been the world's greatest telegraph trunk line. In 1865-1867 the Western Union Telegraph Company spent three million dollars in explorations for a route and the preliminary work on a line from America to Europe via Bering Strait. It was a race between Field and the Western Union to connect the continents and when Field won the Western Union promptly abandoned the enterprise. I visited the place where one of their parties spent the winter of 1866-1867 at Ked Bay and thought as I looked at the evidence of hard work and hardship and in view of the known results accomplished the great enterprise should not have been abandoned. From the discard, fortunately one thing of real value remains and this

is the records of exploration in British Columbia, Alaska and Siberia from and including the Anadir River southward to and around the sea of Okotsk. The recall of the field parties came just as the exploration of the peninsula was to have been undertaken. George Kennan who afterwards gave the world its knowledge of the Siberian penal system was one of the Western Union men who wrote a book of travel and exploration. A second was produced by Whymper the English artist. The great book of the expedition however was the work of another Western Union man, Richard J. Bush whose "*Reindeer, Dogs and Snowshoes in Siberia*" is one of the most interesting records of travel in wild lands that has ever been published.

The Russians never conquered the Chukchis, the principal race inhabiting the Chukotsk Peninsula, though for several centuries expeditions were sent against them. On a hill back of East Cape lie buried the bodies of a small force of Cossacks who, it is said, fought their way along the Arctic Coast to that point before being annihilated. It was not until 1911 that the political district of the Chukotsk was formed. The Chukchis had given up to peaceful penetration and not to force of arms. The first and only Imperial governor of the district was Baron von Klist, born in Russia of German parentage, a naval official who had seen service in the

Japanese war and who, having been recalled to the colors at the beginning of the world war, was killed about the time of the mutiny in the Black Sea fleet. Von Klist is said to have been one of the few officials who did not graft. He gave a good administration and established schools and enforced the regulations against liquor traffic with the natives. In 1913 with other officials he went to the head of Holy Cross Bay to place a monument marking the limits of the district. His vessel, the patrol schooner *Poliarnaia Svesda* (North Star) was wrecked in Etelkuyum Bay and the official party had to return in native skin boats. In the winter of 1911-12 Von Klist undertook a census of the natives with the results that Chukchis were estimated to number eight thousand souls and the Eskimos about two thousand.

In reviewing these figures with Captain Thompson who knows the villages intimately and most of their inhabitants personally we could only make the latter total about twelve hundred. To this number, considered ethnologically, should be added the three hundred and eleven Masinka on St. Lawrence Island. Their numbers are rapidly decreasing. As to the Chukchis who are largely nomadic an estimate can be only the wildest kind of a guess. From personal experience, however, we found the peninsula much more thickly populated than we

had imagined would be the case. Unlike the northern part of North America there are no considerable areas of uninhabited country. One has constantly to exercise his memory and realize that he is in Asia the birthplace of man to account for so many people in such a sterile country. It became with us a burning desire to get away from the natives and find some game sanctuary they had not reached, but in this we were never successful.

Of the two native races inhabiting the Chukotsk the Eskimos are morally far and away the finest. The Chukchis are magnificent in physique, brave and warlike, but their culture is offensive. They are overbearing and inhospitable, and their chief object in life seems to be to put something over on someone by trickery. When successful their derisive laughter is about the nastiest sound of which humanity is capable. Children are instructed in the art of thieving, not only from strangers but from their associates also. The people are ruled by hereditary chiefs on a feudalistic plan.

The Eskimos have plenty of courage, but are not fighters. Aside from their ignorance of the use of soap and water for cleansing, there is little in their manners that can be criticized. I am speaking of those who have not suffered from contact with white men. They are more honest even than Hollanders and Chinese, if that is possible. Articles

of almost incalculable value to them left in their custody never disappear. They keep their promises and do not lie. Despite the constant dangers with which they are surrounded they are a happy people, unselfish and generous. At the time of the Klondike Gold Rush I saw so-called Christians supplied with provisions for a half a year or more refuse food to men who were actually starving. When Eskimos starve they all starve together, and whatever they have is shared with the hungry stranger.

Eskimos are the only race who as a race follow Christ's precept of turning the other cheek when smitten. They simply can not realize that they have been injured or that a counter offensive is required to preserve their self-esteem. They preserve it by failing to impute discreditable motives to the aggressor. Jealousy is unknown, even sex jealousy. Polygamous wives live together in perfect harmony. During the time we were with them I never saw a cross look or heard an unkind word. Their family life is ideal in this respect. The one thing I could not at first reconcile with this high standard was their custom of killing the old and infirm.

At first, with the white man's viewpoint, I thought these Asiatic Eskimo were actuated by selfish motives, and that they got rid of those incapable of self support for economic reasons. They

were not cold blooded and calculating, however, but on the contrary heedless of the future and extremely affectionate. Eventually the apparent contradiction was explained. The initiative comes from the one whose life is to be terminated. This person has lost the joy of living through physical infirmity, but believes implicitly in the happiness of a future life and he pines to meet his old friends and be restored to the strength of youth, and so, in accordance with custom, he asks his son to give him the freedom he desires. Often a period of several years passes. The son with tears pleads with the father to live for his sake: he says the world will be barren without him and with characteristic unselfishness the old man submits. Finally the time comes for the son to give in and perform his act of mercy. It is done by stabbing or strangling with a thong. The ceremony is made a gala event. Every one is happy but no one is more so than the person for whose benefit the function is staged.

CHAPTER IX

AFTER PENEAK

ON July 15 we started on our sheep hunt. Taylor and I made up two packs of tent, blankets and grub, weighing about sixty pounds each for the Eskimos and two lighter packs for ourselves which included changes of underwear and footgear, cameras and small personal belongings. The tent taken on this trip was a 9 x 9 miner's tent of zephyr silk, with a sewed-in floor of 8 oz. canvas. One jointed pole is all that is necessary for its erection which is an advantage in a treeless country. It was nearly one o'clock before we could get our men under way. Pngantoo was ready in good season but Allallowin was having a feast preparatory to starting and could not be dragged from the flesh pots. I watched him in no very pleasant frame of mind, but impotent because in all the village of Shairrainnik no other man would consent to go with us. The good men were occupied hunting sea game and the others had developed a remarkable catalogue of "sick legs" and similar ailments.

Allallowin was served by an old woman, probably

one of his three mothers-in-law. The piece de resistance was a seal head of the small chubby kind and it wore an aggrieved expression which was fully warranted by what happened to it. Tid bits were cut from the nose chiefly and deposited on a wooden platter which is the only dish used by these people. To this was added other pieces cut from pencil like ropes, the age and origin of which did not invite speculation. Slices of black whale skin completed the jumbalaya, which as usual was uncooked. Al-lalowin who, squatted on his hams, had watched the proceeding as one mesmerized, set to work to demolish the result. I left him thus engaged and it was more than an hour later when he appeared with Pngantoo.

We went west from the village two miles on a reindeer trail, then a little west of north up the valley of a small stream and over a rounded, decomposed granite ridge five miles to a saddle in the mountains which terminated that particular watershed. To the north the trail pitched down very abruptly over snow into a valley that evidently was drained by a stream turning from north to west and then south into the sea. We camped at this place at 7 P.M., as we had seen the old tracks of two sheep which had crossed the saddle and ascended the mountains to the westward. Here at the very threshold of our hunt was an augury of success! It

should be stated at this place, however, that such results did not long continue and that for the next six weeks it was only once we were similarly heartened by visible evidence of the existence of the animal for which we searched. In the whole peninsula there are no sheep paths such as are commonly found in countries inhabited by the big horns.

Our men wore deer skin parkas and trousers with the hair side turned in next to the flesh. On their feet were deer skin moccasins with mukluk seal bottoms padded with insoles of dry grass. Socks and underwear are alike unknown to the natives. From their belts were suspended in front ammunition and tobacco pouches, and behind sheath knives as well as trinkets and beads miraculously endowed by the medicine man. Pipes were carried inside their parkas in the fold above the belt which also furnished a convenient receptacle for many other things including the loot acquired by those thievishly inclined. Our men were not of this class, however, Eskimos are honest. It is the Chukchis who are the thieves.

Both packed ancient repeating rifles and carried walking sticks, a kind of Alpine stock shod with an iron double point, useful in bad climbing and also when fording streams. They carried extra deer skin parkas in which they slept with the hair side

out, seal trousers to be worn in wet weather and light rain parkas with hoods, made from walrus intestines. The reindeer skin clothes soon spoil if wet by reason of the hair slipping. They supported their packs with a single walrus hide thong drawing from the breastbone and shoulders, which is the universal method of packing in this country. The load is made into a compact bundle and securely bound with raw hide thongs and the breast strap attached to points near the outer ends. The Chukchis wear similar clothing and carry the same pronged walking stick.

The day was hot while the sun was high and our Eskimos perspired seal oil copiously. They walked for twenty or thirty minutes at a time and rested for ten or fifteen. At the second halt Allalowin after a conference in his native tongue with Pngantoo, prevailed on us to raise the wage rate from \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day, which as it was payable in trade goods of about half the value was certainly not excessive. He then bargained for \$2.50 to show us one peneak, or mountain sheep and \$1.50 for each kaionga, or land bear, in both instances a raise of fifty cents from the bonus price he had previously established. For the humor of the thing we at first demurred, but were finally overwhelmed by the force of his argument and succumbed. If I had thought he could show us any game I would

have increased the bonus to a hundred dollars but I did not, nor did I intend to be bothered by the packers when engaged in the serious work of hunting. Neither Taylor nor I had any confidence in Allallowin as a hunter or otherwise.

Pngantoo was a good man but too much influenced by Allallowin. Perhaps this was because the latter was a son of Eyah the big man of the village. The men conversed with each other in very loud tones and altogether too much. It had been a beautiful day up to the time we camped, perfectly clear except for a fog bank over the sea. A little before eight we saw the fog which had traveled from the south up the river valley to the west, turn the corner of the mountains to the north and as if propelled from behind flow directly toward us against the wind. Then from the south, another column invaded the valley we had climbed and soon the columns mingled and everything was blotted out from view and we were engulfed in an eternity of grey mist. That night it blew great guns. I got little sleep as I lay next to one side of the tent and the wall slapped my face and banged and slatted and at times threatened to sail away and leave us.

After breakfast Allallowin conveyed the information that Pngantoo feared his house had blown down in the night and as he had young children he

must return at once to Shairrainnik. He said he also would accompany Pngantoo. We welcomed the relief from their high pitched voices and let them go. Allallowin assured us they would come back the next day. Their real reason for leaving I think was that they knew it was going to rain and did not want to get wet. After the matter was settled Pngantoo told us as much and his prognostication was later on verified.

Andy and I hunted the country west of camp nearly to the sea. This Shainrock section has the reputation among the natives of being the best locality in the peninsula for sheep but though we thoroughly covered it we saw no game. Several times we came on the tracks of the two sheep that crossed the saddle by our camp but as we could find no place where they had fed we reached the conclusion they had gone to the sea shore for salt and afterwards had returned to mountains still beyond us. There was some very rough country to the northeast which looked promising, and the natural route to this was over the saddle where the tracks had been found. For long distances there was absolutely no green vegetation on the upland we traversed, nothing but the bare granite and limestone rock, we did not see a bird or living creature that day. Meanwhile the wind blew a gale.

On our return to camp we fried bacon and



One of the Ruined Native Houses at Kukulook

Today none of the surviving natives will visit this gruesome locality, where walrus bones and human remains, intermingled, cover most of the ground



Some Evidences of the Tragedy at Kukulook

James McKenna, one of the white traders, never drank or smoked, but it is said of him that he would "feed whiskey to a baby" where a profit was involved. Dr. E. W. Nelson who visited this place the year following the event found no remains of children, the supposition being that they had been eaten by the starving adults.



Natives Watching Our Departure from St. Lawrence Island on the *Wislow*



The *Wislow*, the Eskimo Owned Cat Boat, on which Sippula
Carried Us to Siberia

brewed tea over a moss fire. At the finish the wind carried away the fire and some of the dishes. It looked as though the tent would follow despite the fact that it was weighted with five hundred pounds of rocks and guyed at the top with walrus throngs. After eating, with blankets wrapped around our shoulders, Andy and I broke camp and packed tent and supplies down to the first level spot among the rocks and snow in the cañon north of the former site. We had barely raised the tent and cached the outfit inside when it began raining and all night long the storm continued.

CHAPTER X

HUNTING IN THE FOG

THE wind and rain increased during the night but to our relief the tent withstood all assaults. Had we remained at the higher elevation I am sure we would have been blown off the mountain. About noon the rain stopped and the fog rose from the valley revealing the lower slopes of the mountains. As we had decided to advance our camp further inland Andy started for Shairrainnik to get the men and I went north and east to look up a route for packing.

Descending the main valley for several miles I climbed a small glacier on the east and was soon lost in the fog, lost actually as well as metaphorically. I reached a saddle and turning left gained the summit of the highest mountain in the neighborhood and for two hours wandered about trying to find a way to get off this mountain in order to continue further north. I had a compass pinned on my coat and another in my shirt pocket. Direction was not in doubt, but no connecting ridge giving access to

the mountains beyond could be located. A number of times I climbed part way down steep spurs only to find the bottom drop out from under. I thought of the story told by George Shires 3d, of two men fog marooned on a mountain in southeastern Alaska, which had only one way of ascent and descent, a way which for lack of visibility the men were unable to find; at least such was the inference when their skeletons were discovered months later. Afterwards on a clear day when I saw the nearly vertical descent at the northeast corner of this mountain and climbed it, a climb which called into play hands as well as feet, I did not wonder that in the fog it appeared as if no connection existed.

It seemed probable that our packing route would be found north of the mountain and as nothing further could be accomplished under the circumstances I started back for camp five miles away. Not being able to find the place I had come up I took a southwest course and crossed the head of a small glacier and came on a mountain side where on account of the lower elevation the fog was less dense. The wind blew lightly from the east breaking the mist into twisting wraiths constantly changing in form and size. Stationary objects seemed to move and several times oddly shaped rocks appeared to be animate sheep or bears. Noting a

green spot among boulders to the left I changed my course to look it over. I had an instinctive feeling that somewhere near by was the game for which I had journeyed so far.

Reaching the spot the first thing I saw in the green moss was the imprint of a sheep's foot that looked as if it had just been made. A little beyond, among rocks pinnacles where the ridge broke sharply to the basin of an old volcano crater, was evidence that a sheep had recently been feeding. In hidden nooks were several beds and a considerable amount of shed hair. Nowhere, however, was any living creature to be seen. The evidence pointed to the presence of a sheep in the neighborhood, but where?

I went up the ridge just behind the line of the break to the crater until the fog became so dense one could not see a hundred feet. There was still sheep sign in evidence, but to get close enough to kill one under the circumstances was impossible. Down hill the chances were better. If the sheep was below it could not travel very far before coming to open hillsides which afforded no cover and it probably would try to break back to the crags of the higher country. This seemed the only opportunity for a shot so I started down, threading my way in and out among the turrets and along the battlement

of the ancient rock castle and meanwhile trying to cover each possible line of retreat.

The end of the broken ridge was in sight when suddenly from the cover of a side spur a hundred and fifty yards below to my left an animal darted back towards the crater. It looked no bigger than a rabbit and had no more substance than a swift moving shadow and when covered with the sights of the rifle seemed to fade and disappear in the fog. An experienced rifleman can call his shots and in case of a miss tell just where the bullet went, but in this instance I could not. I fired three times and the animal disappeared behind a flanking ridge. I knew it was a sheep but whether ram, lamb or ewe I could not tell. With the harsh report of the rifle still in my ears I felt like a boy who has spoken aloud in church during the benediction. I had been moving like one in a dream spellbound by the pall of the fog. I pulled myself together and ran to head the sheep at a gap in the rim it must take to get out of the crater.

When the place was reached the ground showed the sheep had not yet passed. I waited a long while but nothing happened. Gradually the fog raised until the whole of the inner part of the crater was visible. The bottom was filled with a glacier and down to it in each depression in the rim ran ice

slides. Separating these slides were narrow rock ridges with teeth, like broken combs. The sheep was undoubtedly hidden somewhere among the rocks of one of these ridges and had, it seemed, no intention of leaving the crater at that time.

With my glasses I carefully examined the snow mantle of the glacier foot by foot until satisfied the sheep had not crossed to the further side. I then looked over each of the slides, but it was not until I had changed to several vantage points that I saw the evidence which gives thrill to the hunter, a blood trail crossing a narrow part of one of the ice tongues. Up to this time I thought my bullets had missed the sheep and now I could hardly believe what I saw.

The track indicated the probable location of the animal and I began climbing down. The descent was difficult both on account of the ice which must be crossed and also because of the necessity to avoid dislodging stones which might alarm the sheep. Several times I got near the sheep only to find it had left its cunningly concealed bed for a new location. It was playing hide and seek among the rocks. After four hours of this work I had the animal as I thought cornered at the very end of one of the spurs. I was edging along cautiously to cover its line of retreat when like a Jack-in-the-box the sheep shot from behind a boulder and back up the moun-

tain. It was in sight only a second. I could not swing my rifle fast enough and missed at thirty yards. Tired and discouraged I returned to camp just after midnight, finding Taylor and the two packers there.

CHAPTER XI

SUCCESS AT LAST

THE next morning all four of us set out filled with determination to get the sheep, which I felt sure had not left the protection of the crater. The upper rim was almost vertical and so far as my observation went there was only one possible place on the north side where the animal could escape. This was by a certain chimney, a steep narrow passage between rock walls, which unlike others opening to the rim was nowhere blocked by vertical rock. All that was necessary to secure the sheep was for one of us to guard the exit while the others drove the animal to him. The plan was flawless except for the human element involved. It was the Eskimos who ruined it.

Taylor waited with Allalowin and Pngantoo to conduct the drive while I hastened upward to intercept the sheep. The day was still and before long I heard the voices of the men, cheerful but altogether too high pitched; nothing short of death could stop these Eskimos from talking! I swore and increased my pace. Several times later the

sound of their laughter and friendly arguments reached me. When, therefore, I got to the head of the chimney and found that the sheep had just passed I was disappointed but not surprised. Taylor told me they had found the bed where the sheep had lain for the night not far from the place where I had last shot at it.

We spent some time on the summit of the ridge slowly following the trail. Then Taylor turned his glasses to a snow bank half a mile to the east and picked up the track. He has wonderful eyes in addition to his acquired and instinctive ability as a sheep hunter. I could not see the track with glasses until nearly half the distance to the snow bank had been covered. The sheep had crossed on the jump and we concluded from the evidence in the snow that it had only suffered a leg wound. The track was lost on rock at the summit of the main ridge and as the fog had again become very dense we gave up the hunt and returned to camp.

The next day, the fog conditions were reversed. The low country was obscured but the mountain tops were open to the clear sky. Andy with Allalowin went to the place we had last seen the sheep tracks while Pngantoo and I climbed the mountain east of our camp with the intention of covering the likely places in between. We hoped

by thus hunting the range from opposite directions one of the parties might drive the sheep to the other. There were innumerable hiding places, however, in the miles of rough mountains that intervened and much of this was covered with fog so we were far from sanguine as we set out that morning.

Pngantoo packed his model 73, 44-40 Winchester at right angles across his back by the usual breast thong. The gun was as rusty as if it had lain out of doors the half century since this model was placed on the market, but it was still serviceable and will no doubt later on be used by one of Pngantoo's sons for seal and walrus hunting. I picked the way up the rock slides until the summit of the first mountain was reached and then along the crest of the ridge. We made frequent detours on side spurs to examine basins but this work was generally useless on account of our inability to see any distance for it was only on the highest elevations that we were above the fog.

After passing over three mountains we came to a small mesa-like place and here in the gravel we found the fresh track of a sheep but no blood. The indications all pointed to this being the wounded animal, but as it had gone almost immediately on rock we could not follow the trail. An intensive search of all the neighboring country

revealed no further trace of the sheep. The fog made our clothing grey with beads of frost-like water, which, however, disappeared the moment we ascended to the sunlight. Pngantoo separated from Allalowin did not talk and it was very quiet up there on the mountain top. On days when the wind does not blow one hears no sound except the distant rush of waters from the glaciers.

We could find no connecting ridge to the mountains further north. Pngantoo should have known the country but he could not help. He tried independently to locate a route, but each time came back, smiling but shaking his head. There were many steep ice slides in the way which were dangerous or impossible to cross. After a while we sat down and waited for the fog to lift. Our own mountain was bathed in sunlight. As we watched one after another the mountain tops pricked through the floor of the fog looking like islands in a grey sea, but those to the north were lower and still submerged. At length we made out dimly a rough ridge dropping into gloom to the east, which might eventually turn north and give us our connection and we started along it. I was lost and Pngantoo knew no more about it than did I. Instinct was at work, however, the thing that is called "hunch" and I recollect an unconscious urge dissociated with reason to go eastward.

We followed the ridge a long way, over one rocky hump after another, through the deepening fog until the ridge began to drop precipitously and it became evident it was merely a spur and not a connecting part of the range. Then a miracle occurred. Out of the rocks five yards in front my sheep materialized. It was as if it had been created from the void. I fired and the sheep fell. Pngantoo sprinted by and caught it by one horn as the body started sliding into the abyss below. He held on and called for help and together we dragged the sheep up to a level spot. One front leg had been broken by my shot of two days before.

Later on when the fog was still further dissipated it became evident that we were nearly a mile from our proper course and no great distance above the Shairrainnik River. Finding the sheep was simply a case of blind luck. It had selected for its hiding place a hollow in the boulders where it was invisible except from an airplane. One scanning the ridge with glasses in clear weather could not have seen it. If we had not been lost and susceptible to commonly ignored impressions we would never have gotten the sheep.

The animal was a mature ewe, without lamb. Its estimated live weight was one hundred and ten pounds. It was very different in color from any sheep I had ever seen. Taylor said it looked like

a caribou in the summer coat. Its back was a mouse color with a black dorsal streak and the tail which was very short was black also. It had just completed the process of shedding its winter coat. The horn flare was unusual. Instead of rounding backward with a moderate spread the horns of these ewes (for the fact was later confirmed by an acquired specimen) flare widely from the start at the skull. The length of the horns is ten and a half inches, but they spread seventeen and a half at the tips. They also have a peculiar offset near the ends, a sort of wave in the horns. After gralloching the animal Pngantoo lashed the head and legs firmly to the body with a rawhide thong and packed it in with his chest strap.

The fog held up long enough to enable us to find our way across the mountains to our valley and back to camp. We descended a small glacier and when the grade was suitable Pngantoo ran with his pack. On the way we sighted Taylor and Allallowin returning. They had seen no sheep nor sheep sign. After reaching camp at 7 P.M. the fog settled down again.

With Pngantoo as helper, Taylor prepared the skin and head of the sheep. At eleven o'clock when the work was completed Pngantoo and Allallowin collected the scraps cut from the skull and had a feast. Brains, tongue, ears and nostrils were put

in water with no salt and, in deference to our prejudice against eating raw meat, heated over a fire. Andy said the water was not hot enough for shaving. We turned in as they began eating, after catching a glimpse of each man grabbing an eye as the prize delicacy.

CHAPTER XII

WEARING OUT SHOE LEATHER

ON July 20 we moved our camp eight miles farther north in the same range we had hunted to a point just below a saddle leading to the Shairrainnik watershed. We were anxious to locate the second of the two sheep whose tracks we had seen. Half the walking was over snow or ice and there was considerable uphill work in the latter part of the march. In addition to their former loads the men carried half the sheep for camp meat and they grunted as they walked even more than before, but the Eskimo grunts over every physical act he performs.

These men will carry a third to a half of a pack horse load, but they will not travel half so far in a day. We could have gotten along perfectly well with human packers if we could have secured them when needed and kept them with us. Most of the men, however, will not do this kind of work and when secured they cannot be counted on for more than two or three days at a time. After that they get homesick or worksick and quit. When this stage

is reached it is the part of good judgment to give them permission to leave for by doing so one can generally get them back later on. If they desert contrary to orders they will not come back. Unused to authority they cannot be forced to do what they do not like. Harry Radford was killed on the Arctic Coast of North America because he did not appreciate this trait in Eskimo character. He applied the whip to his men in an endeavor to make them enter a country they dreaded, and seeing no other way of terminating what appeared to them a hopeless situation his Eskimos stabbed Radford and his companion. Kindness and consideration are not appreciated. If one does too much for these people they become overbearing. The best plan is to be just with them and to exact a fair return.

During the day we traveled a mile or more along a rounded ridge of decomposed gabbro where not a thing grew except an occasional dash of trailing azalea. This has become my favorite of the lovely blossoms of this land of many flowers; for the low valleys are riotous with color. I like this tiny modest plant not only for its beauty but for its pluckiness in living where other flowers have given up. The eye is attracted by compact little masses of vivid olive green foliage something like boxwood, and gladdened by worlds of tiny five



Shairrainnik, the Farthest West Eskimo Village in Asia



**Eknowye was Educated in the Russian School Established by Baron von Klist
During the Short Time He was Governor of the Chukotsk**

He speaks five languages, English, Russian, Masinka, Chukchi and the Innuït of the American Eskimos. He has too much education to like work. When I tried to hire him he had a "sick leg," despite the fact he had just walked me off my legs, but then he was on his way to a social function.

pointed stars of crab-apple pink nestling in leafy retreat. Most of the patches are no bigger than one's hand and not so thick. Less commonly it forms a delicate tracery following the mosaic lines between wind and water packed stones.

Our camp was pitched in a pocket in the hills fifteen hundred feet above sea level where a stream had its source in a glacier. Here was a little green spot of moss and grass and flowers. We rolled out boulders and leveled the gravel in the wash at the side to make a place for the tent. The tent was weighted and guyed until we felt secure from the wind which is the bane of this treeless country. The green spot gave us material for a mattress under our sleeping bags and also firewood in the form of the so-called fuel moss of the north. This is not a moss, but a creeping, flowering evergreen plant, something like princess pine but growing in much more compact masses called *Cassiope tetragona*. It has single white flowers very like lily of the valley. On account of the oil which it contains it burns with a hot though short lived flame. The odor is resinous and very fragrant. Pngantoo built a stone fireplace just wide enough for the tea kettle and frying pan and Allalowin fed the fuel while Andy cooked supper. Before turning in, while the stones were still hot, a double handful of the moss is put in the fireplace and

covered with a flat stone so that in the morning there will be dry fuel for starting the fire. It is all very pleasant when it does not storm.

We had given the men some sugar and that evening Pngantoo converted it into the yellow candy like substance that Eskimos like to suck when drinking their tea. He spread the sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, on a little skillet made from a flattened condensed milk can, and melted it over a slow fire of moss. With his fingers he smoothed the sugar to less than a quarter of an inch in thickness and as it heated tested it with the point of his knife to find whether it was beginning to melt. The syrup was brought to the top to avoid burning and also to let fresh sugar come in contact with the heat. When all the sugar had been converted to syrup it was allowed to cool and harden. Meanwhile Allalowin discoursed on the advantages of the process. The monologue is verbatim from my notes. "Strong like hell make sugar very good for chi (tea). Rich man, plenty sugar, no make um." Then an aside to Pngantoo in Masinka at which Pngantoo laughs, "Suppose American schooner no come, sugar all gone, now this have some. He plenty like." Apparently Allalowin was ridiculing our wastefulness and arguing that the Eskimos' method was the best; that in the

candied form the sugar was sweeter and would last longer. He was a great boaster as to his own prowess and the general superiority of his race.

The middle of the day was now very warm and but little ice formed at night, if the term night is permissible in a country where it is daylight all the time at this season of the year. Mosquitoes in fair numbers appeared for the first time. They lacked pep however and contented themselves with buzzing around in an aimless way without attempting to bite. We had a mosquito bar for the tent door and mosquito nets for our beds and buhach to burn inside the tent to drive out the mosquitoes before retiring, and head nets as well as several kinds of mosquito dope including carbolized vaseline and Nessmuk's famous preparation of pine tar, castor oil and pennyroyal but none of this material was used for the very good reason that the mosquitoes disappeared without having bothered us. The soil is too sterile and too well drained to breed mosquitoes, at any rate in the sheep mountains. Moreover there is practically no duff in all the country we traveled, nothing to correspond with the tundra behind Nome. We thought for a while that the valleys must have been burned over through the agency of man to account for this lack of humus soil, but it is more reason-

able to assume that the country is new from under the cap of the ice age and that there has not yet been time to build up a vegetable soil.

Mosquitoes are plentiful only a short distance away in the Anadir River Valley and there they have a most evil reputation. Bush in his book says:—"Many of our faces were so swollen from their bites as to be hardly recognizable though we went night and day in full armor of buckskin and netting." Their dogs were "unable either to eat or sleep. Two of them in their torment had torn nearly all the hair from their backs with their teeth."

The next day was chiefly notable from the facts that I found a rock ptarmigan's nest and lost my pocket camera and Dunhill pipe. This was the only ptarmigan we saw until we got to Holy Cross Bay, where the peninsula joins the mainland, except for a momentary glimpse of one three weeks later that whirled over my head in a storm on a mountain top. I have never been in a country so barren of wild life. The Mexican deserts and desert mountains are populous by comparison. We saw a few ravens at long intervals and a very few of the lesser birds such as snowflakes and Lapland longspurs. There are scarcely any ground squirrels even in the low valleys. In six weeks time I saw only two hares. A litter of fox pups playing

around the den completes the list. Away from the coast the combination of inclement nature and exterminating Chukchis has proved too great a handicap for animal life.

It was a warm day and I was climbing near the top of a mass of boulders that constituted a mountain thirty-five hundred feet high with coat tied on the back of my ruck-sack when from just ahead a rock ptarmigan flushed and skimmed down the hillside like a shadow. Looking at the spot from which she had risen I saw a single egg, and thinking the bird would return to it I went a little higher up and sat down concealed among the rocks, meanwhile slipping a light charge in my rifle. Dr. Nelson had particularly asked me to get specimens and eggs of rock ptarmigan, and it was an obligation to be fulfilled if possible.

For nearly an hour I waited but the ptarmigan did not return, and then marking the locality so I could find it again by tipping up a slap of stone I went below and spent a half hour more trying to flush the bird for a shot but without success. All the while I felt like a criminal. The oldest game law in the world, in Deuteronomy, prohibits taking a bird on its nest. It is all very well to say that the individual does not count and that science is paramount, but this seemed a heartless home breaking affair. I have not felt this way when hunting game

and no doubt should have had no compunction in this instance if I had more of the enthusiasm of the collector.

Failing to find the bird I went back to secure the egg and to photograph it in its environment; there was no nest, it had been laid in a hollow among the rocks, but when I felt in my coat pocket the camera was gone. Somewhere in that rock strewn waste it had fallen out. I spent a long time looking for the camera, but did not find it and then continued the hunt for sheep. I had seen a track made no doubt by the companion of the one I had killed but though I hunted to the northern limit of the range could find no further sign.

That evening on my way back I looked again for the camera. The bird had abandoned the egg, so I proceeded with great care to blow it, intending to carry it in my hand to camp. The camera case would have made an admirable receptacle but this was gone with the camera. I drilled two holes with the point of a small nail and had just completed the operation when the fragile shell collapsed and the specimen was lost. It was a large, green egg which would have been very noticeable when the bird was off the nest had it not been for the fact that the locality was splotted with similarly colored and sized bits of moss. Continuing my way back to camp I hunted the ground systematically

for the camera. At places where an overturned stone or dislodged lichen showed I had passed I built cairns to mark the locations. It was while engaged in this work that I became aware my pipe also had disappeared. I reached camp about midnight and found that the men wanted to give up the hunt. They said there were no sheep further north, but that in the mountains east of Shairrainik in a locality called Sivoka were many. Finding we could not keep the Eskimos with us otherwise we decided to follow their suggestion. Taylor had seen a little sign but no sheep.

With the guidance of the cairns the next morning I retraced every foot of my climb the day before as far as the ptarmigan's nest. Here I found the pipe where I had temporarily laid it on a rock while blowing the egg. It is drawing well as I write these words. One no more wants to lose an old pipe than an old friend and I naturally was rejoiced to recover it. At three in the afternoon I discovered the camera concealed where it had fallen two feet down in a narrow crevice between rocks. The camera contained several exposed films of the sheep I had killed and except for this fact I would not have spent so much time looking for it, as we had two other cameras with us. The only other article we lost in Siberia was an extra tea cup.

Taylor accompanied by the packers had crossed

the saddle above camp earlier in the day and was returning to the coast down the Shairrainnik River. This was another of several beautiful days and to make the most of the weather and the opportunity I hunted back over the mountains to where we had seen the first sheep tracks, but found no fresh sign anywhere. It is my impression that one sheep only was left in this locality, probably another barren ewe. Taylor about a week later hunted again in the range, but saw nothing. The lone survivor had gone further in on the Arctic watershed, or possibly towards the head of the Assun River where later we found sign. It was significant that no lamb tracks were found. The Chukchi deer herders are scattered over all the peninsula and from each of their camps some one is constantly hunting. Their game has degenerated to ground squirrels. They are keen eyed and are moreover exceptionally capable stalkers and if they succeed in locating a sheep they follow until they get it. Under such conditions the sheep are doomed.

At 9 p. m. when descending to strike the reindeer trail we had followed on our outward trip the fog caught me. I reached the low ground with no great difficulty but an hour later became lost when trying to find the place to cross the mountains which form the Shairrainnik divide to the



These Volcanic Upthrusts, Sterile as They Appear, Are Not
Altogether Devoid of Vegetation

More grass, for example, is found than on the
smoother, glaciated mountains



The Saddle in the Mountains Where We Saw the First Sheep Sign



Packing Across One of the Valley Glaciers

Taylor, Allalowin, Pngantoo



The Unknown Sheep

Pngantoo and Chukotsk mountain sheep ewe

east. The stream which drains this watershed on the west cannot be followed because it runs through a precipitous gorge and drops to the sea over waterfalls and is moreover at its lower end separated from Shairrainnik by sea washed cliffs. After groping some time for the right route without success I turned east by compass and was lucky enough to blunder into a narrow defile leading through the mountains at no great elevation. It is much harder to find one's way in a fog than to travel in the ordinary darkness of night.

Three miles from my destination my attention was attracted by something white and round on the ground which proved on closer inspection to be a human skull. Presently other scattered skulls and bones appeared and a litter of broken sleds and implements and gear and at one place some empty bottles. It was evidently an old Chukchi burial ground. The location was on a moraine bench where in the melting of the glacier the stones had been grouped in ovals and parallelograms of a convenient size. The bodies with personal belongings had been laid inside these natural enclosures and a few rocks and deer horns thrown on top, but this had not been sufficient to prevent sacrilege by dogs, foxes and ravens. Some of the graves, however, were well protected with an abattis of reindeer horns weighted with rocks. I learned afterwards

that the Chukchis save all the shed reindeer antlers not required for mechanical use for the purpose of protecting the graves of the dead. Probably the ill protected graves here were those of poor men. Lying on one grave was a very old muzzle loading gun of about half inch bore, a flintlock of Russian manufacture. Two miles further on was another skull embedded in moss.

I reached Shairrainnik at midnight and found Taylor in a house filled with nauseating smoke trying to boil beans over a blubber lamp. Inadvertently I left the door open to let out the smell and despite the lateness of the hour the place was almost immediately filled with Eskimos anxious to trade thong rope, fawn reindeer skins secured from the Chukchis, old ivory, mukluks and a score of other things for tea, tobacco and hard-tack. I told them we were hunters not traders, but we ate our meal with difficulty, meanwhile throwing natives off our beds, which they would soon have populated with undesirable tenants, and guarding our food from their fingers.

In the morning Taylor broke up a packing case and boiled the beans outdoors over a real fire, while I went with Allalowin to look at a sixteen foot skin boat for our trip along the coast to Sivoka. Her model was the worst of any I saw in Siberia and as there was a heavy sea running I told

him to get a better boat. This ended our chance of leaving that day and also later on resulted in our making most of the journey on foot. Either he could not or would not get another boat. Allallowin was sulky, because on the return trip the night before Taylor becoming tired of his fool sprints had walked him off his feet, getting into Shairrainnik more than half an hour in advance of the boaster.

Taylor and I washed clothes and then bathed, despite the attentions of a gallery of women and children taking in the novel sight. From our standpoint it would have been more novel to see an Eskimo bathe. We bought some trout taken in the lagoon at Imtook, also the skins of three unborn deer fawns for two and three-quarter pounds of tea. Then we paid Pngantoo and Allallowin for their services to date. They had been in our employ for eight days but I told them I would not pay for the day they had been at their homes. I was about to settle with them on a seven day basis by paying each \$17.50 when they objected, Allallowin strenuously asserting the amount should be ten dollars. "Four days walk," he said, "two, one-half the day, all same ten dollars. Seeing that they expected to be paid for the time actually spent in packing I returned the surplus to my pocket and tendered each man a ten dollar bill. The Eskimos

curiously examined the portraits of McKinley and Jackson and then returned the bills. It ended by Allallowin taking for his pay a fifty pound sack of flour (he could not be persuaded to add a can of baking powder) two pounds of tea, eight plugs of black cut Navy tobacco and a few trifles. Pngantoo had tea, tobacco, sugar and strange to say five dollars in paper money. I think the man really trusted us. Eskimos at this place readily accept silver money, but we had very little because silver is too heavy to carry for men traveling as we were. They had suffered so much loss in the past in accepting Russian paper roubles and more recently, and to a less extent Japanese yen, owing to the depression in that currency, that only a few of the most intelligent would accept bills of any kind.

That very day an Eskimo came in trying to buy tobacco with roubles, having no doubt heard we had similar money. After his exit Pngantoo appeared and exchanged his five dollars for trade goods. It seemed he had experienced a scare when he heard that roubles had been refused. Allallowin also exchanged his flour for other trade goods. I had been surprised that, carnivorous creature as he was, he had taken it at all.

I gathered some statistics at Emma Harbor as to the fluctuations of the rouble under different governments. When the Czars were on the throne

one American dollar was equivalent in value to two Russian roubles, but in 1915 the Romanoff money fell to a ratio of one to eight and in 1916 after the Revolution, one to ten. After that it disappeared from circulation in the north. The Kerensky rouble had a value of $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents. The Kolchak money started at twenty to one and depreciated to three hundred to one, or from five cents to $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cent in value. Soviet money had not yet reached the Chukotsk. The greatest decline occurred in the currency of the government of the Eastern Siberian Republic. This money, when issued changed hands for American money or goods on the basis of twenty roubles for one dollar. One month later the ratio was thirty-five to one. In June, 1920, it had dropped to 1,300 to one, which is probably less than the value of the paper on which it was printed. Captain Rosch of the *Omsk*, the vessel of the volunteer fleet that ran from Vladivostok to Kamchatka and the Arctic Coast made his last trip in 1920. He was receiving a salary of fourteen thousand roubles per month, equivalent to \$7,000 before the Revolution, but his wife could not live two days on the money and he left the service. Russian paper money no longer circulated in this country, but there were people who had put it away vainly hoping that some day it would have its value restored. I saw some Russian

ten rouble gold coins which are worth slightly more than American five dollar gold pieces on account of their larger bullion content.

Einor Olsen of the *Polar Bear* had lost his pipe. When in Yakutsk with Chris Goodmansen he saw a man smoking a pipe made from a mastodon's tusk and asked him what he would take for it. The Russian named a price of fifteen hundred roubles. Olsen did not have with him his sack of paper money, but he produced from his pocket some American silver amounting to about seventy-five cents, a mill to the dollar, and the Bolshevik seized the money before Olsen could close his hand. One of the coins no doubt would have been sufficient.

Soviet roubles in the Kolyma district were issued in sheets like oversize postage stamps except for the fact that they were not perforated nor gummed and were printed on both sides. The time came when if they had not been printed I would have gladly purchased the roubles at current value for note paper as our supply had given out and I was reduced to writing on wrappers from the insides of tobacco cans. Later million rouble notes were as cheap as were once the one rouble notes and the practice of spoiling good white paper went merrily on.

CHAPTER XIII

SIVOKA

As the men did not appear in the morning, I went to the village and routed Allallowin from his den. He and one of his wives and some of his children, naked yet unashamed, lay on the bed in the deer skin compartment of his mongtera. At my call their heads and shoulders appeared above the foot log looking like a cartoon of Raphael's cherubs. Another wife fully clothed was squatting on the floor of the hut chewing methodically on a skin which was thus being softened for some article of wear. As the Eskimo women spend a considerable part of their time at such work they do not talk so much as the men. That morning when Andy was outside cooking breakfast and I was still in bed three women had invaded the house to demand extra pay for rubbing the fawn skins. They reported a ship in sight, which might mean Thompson so with some embarrassment on my part but none on theirs I got out of my sleeping bag and dressed in their presence. The boat proved to be a schooner, hull down on the horizon.

The men finally turned up about one in the afternoon, which hour seems to be the natives' favorite time for starting on any expedition. We packed on foot in an easterly direction four miles to the Imtook lagoon, which is over a mile wide and six or seven miles long. With a little work the lagoon could be made a splendid harbor for small vessels as the outlet to the sea is directly under the mountain at the east and there are plenty of loose rocks available for constructing a jetty. Such a harbor would be a boon for the coast traders.

At the water's edge the men left us to procure a boat at Imtook a mile away and Andy and I made a fire and had lunch in their absence. They were gone a long while but not so long as we expected giving due credit to their conversational powers. A third man came back with them who, according to Allallowin, wanted five dollars for the use of the boat for crossing the lagoon. I deferred payment until our return, as I planned then to portage the boat over the sand dunes and go back to Shairrainnik by sea to save the walking, and it seemed likely we would have less trouble to secure its use for our purpose if the owner was kept in an anticipatory frame of mind. We rowed three miles up the lagoon and across it, leaving the boat on the farther shore weighted with stones to keep it from being blown away. Here Allallowin wanted to



Natives Bringing in Sheep Specimens



Siberian Eskimos Manufacturing Raw Hide Thong from the Skin of a Seal Taken off in a Cylindrical Form
Merely by the sense of touch they make several hundred feet of perfect cord from a single skin with no thin or thick parts and equally strong from end to end

camp but we prodded him three miles further, going first up a low valley southeast nearly two miles and then south on the Sivoka watershed a mile or so. From this place we could see the sea five or six miles distant.

Here as elsewhere in the Chukotsk the main valleys open to the sea, but there are also a series of cross valleys and through these a winter sled trail runs to Emma Harbor. Such valleys paralleling the coast occur all through the peninsula, furnishing excellent routes of travel. Whenever it is necessary to cross a divide reindeer trails can always be found. There is sufficient horse feed almost everywhere after July fifteenth and up to the middle of September. The ground is hard and I know of no rough country more suitable for pack train travel. With horses we should have been independent of both native help and Bolshevik interference.

The mountains in the immediate neighborhood were glaciated and apparently too rounded to afford refuge for sheep so mercilessly hunted as in the Chukotsk. Before leaving in the morning we told the men to move the camp during our absence four miles east to a point behind a red hill plainly visible. Taylor and I planned to cover all the intervening country we had not reached from Emma Harbor and we wanted to save a part of the return walk.

Allallowin was in a sulk and at first refused to do anything but go home. He said the bears would eat the boat and failed to laugh when I told him I would be only too glad to use the boat for bear bait and would buy a new one for the owner. Having tried a number of other excuses without success in the end he gave in with very bad grace and promised to move the camp to the designated place, provided he and Pngantoo were permitted to return and sleep at the boat. To this I agreed knowing full well that the men would go on to Imtook instead where we had good reason to believe Allallowin was interested in another prospective consort to add to the three he already had.

Taylor and I covered a great extent of ground that day examining practically all the sheep retreats between John Howland and Providence Bays. Late in the afternoon, from a rugged mountain far to the northward, I searched for the tent with glasses but could not find it. From another mountain further south I saw it at last, but the tent had only been moved a mile, thus adding three miles to the return walk. The fact that my footgear was played out and that I might almost as well have been barefoot did not add to my pleasure at this discovery.

I had already worn out two pairs of shoe-pacs and with the idea of saving my remaining footgear

as long as possible, had put on a new pair of native moccasins that morning. These were made with bottoms of mukluk seal and tops of reindeer shanks, hair side in. The hair in these moccasins is pointed downward and has an abominable way of pulling off one's socks and when the socks are fastened with safety pins to the trousers they pull the trousers down also. Following the native custom to protect the feet from cuts and stone bruises I had placed pads of dry grass in the moccasins, and over that leather insoles. As long as the moccasins were dry they were comfortable but there were many streams to be forded and they soon became sloppy and began ripping and the wet grass inside slipped out and my feet were very sore long before the camp was reached. As a result of such experiences I had knee-length seal mukluks made later on of a size large enough to slip on over my moccasins and carried these with me for use when fording streams. Such mukluks are very light and when rolled up can be carried in the back pocket of a hunting coat. By far the most satisfactory gear for this country, however, is the rubber bottomed shoe-pac with soft leather tops.

Sivoka gets its name from a former native settlement, long abandoned, at the lower end of the valley. In all the country covered we saw no sheep and nothing to encourage us to hunt it any longer,

and the next morning when the men appeared we promptly broke camp for our return. The two weeks allotted for this section of the peninsula would be up the next day and Sippula was due at Shairrainnik. On the way out we passed a cache of fuel moss that had been laboriously gathered the previous year by an old woman who, Allalowin said, was now "mucki" (dead). For some time the two Eskimos laughed and joked over the unrequited labor, greatly to our disgust.

When we reached the lagoon the keen eyes of the men at once noted the spars of a vessel lying at anchor outside the sand dunes. Our glasses showed that it was a schooner, with a barrel crow's nest on one of the masts. These facts made us believe that it might be Captain Thompson's *Trader*, and we made haste to cross the lagoon and reach the sand spit, but long before we were able to see the hull, the men recognized the boat as the *Chukotsk*. As they said she was Russian I had the men remain at the lagoon side of the spit and advanced alone to reconnoiter. There was always the chance that Vassily might have reported to Anadir our disregard of his orders and that action might be taken to arrest us. I was reassured when I learned from natives at the village that the *Chukotsk* was a Hibbard and Swenson boat from Seattle under the command of Captain Pollister.

Returning to the lagoon we carried our duffle and the boat across the spit and launching through the surf put out to the schooner. She was surrounded with so many oomiaks that we could only reach the vessel by climbing over a number of the boats. The deck was swarming with natives busily engaged in bartering whalebone, furs, skins and ivory for tobacco, food, calico and other merchandise. In the thick of the mob was a tall, light haired, upstanding man dealing with a half dozen Eskimos at once in a quiet, decisive way while his assistants weighed and parceled out the goods and stored away the things received in exchange. As we approached, by a process of climbing over the natives he was handing back two white fox skins to an Eskimo with the remark "throw in another and you'll get the rifle," and in the same breath to one of his aids, "Allow him eight dollars for that mukluk seal." It was pleasant to hear freely spoken English once more, and when a little later we had a cup of coffee in the cabin with Pollister the pleasure was augmented for we found him to be an American from the State of Maine and a fine fellow in every respect.

Over the coffee and cakes he gave us the news. Things were quiet at Anadir, there had been no recent murders or executions. No Russian trading and mail ships were coming north this year; he him-

self carried the official northern mail. A Japanese three masted power schooner had come out of Holy Cross Bay and later he had sighted her going in the direction of Emma Harbor. Her wireless was significant; possibly she had a political mission. The mysterious Marie Kelley was getting along finely in Anadir but still in its holster on her hip she carried her pearl handled automatic pistol.

Pollister introduced his cook who had traveled the length of the Kamchatka River going to the headwaters from Petropavlovsk and so on down to Oest Kamchatka at the mouth. He had traversed the country where Prince Demidoff hunted but saw a great many more sheep and bears than reported by Demidoff near a large unnamed lake further down the river. He had also been at Cape Shipunski where Niedieck did most of his hunting, and said sheep were still very abundant there.

Pollister planned taking the *Chukotsk* around East Cape into the Arctic and as far west along the coast as ice would permit and return to Anadir the last of August. After that his intention was to run down the coast of Kamchatka and to the Aleutian Islands at some point near Dutch Harbor where he expected to pick up a cargo of trade goods and come back to Anadir for the winter. He very kindly said that if we could do no better on his return he would take us with him as far as Dutch

Harbor from which place we could no doubt get passage for Seattle. I declined with thanks as we counted on being able to return to Nome in time to catch the last sailing of the *Victoria*. I asked him if he did not miss the amenities and comforts of civilization. He laughed and replied that he was not built for city streets. I do not think he was overmuch pleased with the atmosphere of intrigue prevalent at Anadir, but he said nothing about this.

CHAPTER XIV

TO THE CHUKCHI COAST

TRUE to his promise Sippula arrived at Shairrainnik the next day, July 27, despite the fact that he had to brave a gale and nasty sea which washed over his rotten little boat and filled the cockpit a number of times. He came in with a broken boom, a smashed cockpit combing and other evidences of the conflict. Most men would have accepted that stormy sea as a sufficient excuse for delay, but Sippula was an Eskimo and used to keeping his word. When I told him he had taken a dangerous chance, he drew himself up, struck his chest with clenched fist and said, "*Me promise! Burnum.*" The natives got my name easily but the "I" in Taylor's was beyond their power of pronunciation.

Owing no doubt to the racial difference in the way our minds functioned Sippula had made two serious mistakes. Having by chance met Captain Thompson on his outward voyage he had handed him my note at that time instead of on his return trip from St. Lawrence Island. Naturally he had no reply as Thompson could not give an answer un-

til he learned from the *Bear* whether my application for a hunting permit had been granted. The other mistake was if anything even more annoying. He had not brought with him the balance of our supplies, including most of our trading goods for use in hiring packers further along the coast, greatly needed fuel alcohol, cartridges and an important part of our food supplies. Sippula admitted I had told him to bring these things, but he would make no explanation why he had not done so, beyond stating that he had left the supplies at Sivonga two weeks before and started the present trip from Gambell forty miles distant. We forgave him, however, and let him see that we appreciated his braving the storm to keep his appointment.

I decided to run back at once to Emma Harbor to confer with Thompson. We made the trip that night, the *Wislow* pitching unmercifully in the swells that thundered against the giant cliffs but had our trouble for nothing as Thompson had not returned from Nome. He should have been back and was expected any moment but I did not wait for him. Lying at anchor in the harbor was a long rakish three masted schooner with spars for a large sail area. Her bowsprit had stays for four jibs; and fore and main masts had very tall topmasts between which wireless antennae were strung, but the mizzen-mast had only a jack top-

mast. She was painted white and on her bow was the name *Daichii Toro Maru*. She was swarming with men. I knew nothing of the boat's business but it was evident that if her commander was in sympathy with Vassily here was power sufficient to enforce his disregarded orders. It seemed therefore the part of wisdom not to go on shore.

A pleasant incident of the return trip was our meeting near the entrance to Providence Bay, the power sloop *Jeannie* with the Reverend C. J. Sodergreen of St. Paul on board in company with his Russian missionary N. F. Hoyer and Mr. Ost from the Unalakleet mission of the Lutheran Church. Six weeks before on the *Victoria* I had learned of their desire to establish missions at Anadir and southward through Kamchatka to the head of the Sea of Okhotsk, a tremendous territory devoid of churches, since the Russian priests were unfrocked in the Revolution.

These missionaries were fine men. I was sorry to note the lines which had furrowed the face of the leader since I had last seen him. At Anadir they had several conferences with the Revolutionary Committee and the Workman's Committee had also considered their case with the net result that they were not permitted to carry out their plan.

There is no entry in my note book for July 28, because we were at sea and it was too rough to

write legibly. The next entry reads, "One day skipped. As I lie here writing in the cabin of the *Wislow* in the smooth water of Nulieurock Bay I see "Yoseph" draped over his engine dead to the world, there is a little Eskimo woman sleeping with her head tucked under my knee, while Sippula's head is under my left arm. Andy, his knees doubled up and his back against the wall, is reading *Java Head* and smoking a cigarette for fumigation purposes. Around us are jammed four more contorted Eskimos, not yet awake. We are piled in, a layer and a half deep on a litter of boxes and sacks that alone fill half the tiny cabin. It would be preferable to be packed like sardines but there is no opportunity for orderly arrangement. One does not need insomnia formulas to sleep after two such nights of wakefulness as we have had."

On the return trip from Emma Harbor I reached Shairrainnik at 4 A.M. It was arranged with Sippula to carry us fifty miles westward to the neighborhood of Cape Bering. Beyond Shairrainnik the Chukchi language only is spoken and Sippula secured an interpreter. I think the woman in the cabin was this man's wife though I did not ask. Taylor was off hunting in the mountains where my sheep had been killed. I bathed and had breakfast and afterwards packed the duffle and

when Andy returned at noon we promptly embarked. During my absence the Eskimos had sighted a large whale which they captured with native appliances, ivory pointed harpoons, walrus hide ropes and skin boats.

The wind had whipped into the southwest and the *Wislow* had a head sea to contend with, and the little vessel jumped like a bucking horse.

Hugging the shore we passed along a wall of rock broken only by occasional silted fiord valleys about half of which held lagoons at their lower ends. The coast line to Cape Bering is characterized by the same mountainous cliffs seen further eastward, though in more varied color and form. The colors run in chromatic scale through brick reds, ochres and soft yellows, greys and blues to verdant green of vegetation. There are no such greens in the interior. The weathering of the rocks is more pronounced on this part of the coast; there are many obolisks rising as shafts from the sea or on the mountain sides above, Gothic cathedrals more massive than any erected by man and gigantic, battlemented castles peopled only by sea birds.

About midnight we sighted native houses perched on top of a sheer cliff with no visible way of reaching them from the sea. We sailed on and on, around a mountain, over three quarters of the arc of a circle following the cliffs and two hours later

reached a rocky beach near the outer end of a three mile deep bay and only a short distance behind the houses we had seen. Here we anchored, for on the beach were several whaleboats and many skin boats, and we knew we had reached the landing used by the tenants of the houses, but though Sip-pula repeatedly blew the boat's whistle no one appeared. After a while the interpreter and some of the rest of us went ashore. Following a well beaten path by a little brook we presently saw half a dozen men outlined against the sky above and then a boy approached carrying a rifle in the crook of his arm. As a general thing the natives flock to greet an arriving vessel at any hour of day or night but here they were suspicious and loath to approach. It occurred to me they might fear a Bolshevik trap for the seizure of their firearms.

The interpreter stated our business and after a parley with the men in the background the boy conducted us by the path up the brook through high grass and wild flowers a quarter of a mile to a large walrus hide hut of the usual inverted sugar bowl type, called by the Chukchis a yaronga. We entered and seated ourselves before a small fire of real wood and with grateful feelings watched the flames and thought of loved forests far away. A moment later Taruhe the owner of the yaronga and chief man of the place came in and a long wooden

platter heaped with raw seal meat was set before us.

Sippula through the interpreter conversed with the Chukchis. Presently turning he said to me, "this man Taruhe is the very man you want. He has a deer herder, his brother-in-law, Ko, whom he owns, who can take you to the sheep country. Moreover he will accept American money in payment." This latter statement was an indication of superior intelligence and I looked at Taruhe with fresh interest. The Chukchi chief who "owned" his brother-in-law in serfdom was a tall well built man of about forty with strong features and an unusually light colored skin. He would have been good looking had it not been for the fact that he had lost an eye and was also pockmarked. His black hair hung in pigtails behind his ears. He had a smooth way of talking and later events proved that like all Chukchis he is treacherous. It was not by accident that he acquired from the traders the cognomen "Foxy."

Nepone, our interpreter, spoke Masinka and Chukchi but no English. The first step in my interview with Taruhe was carried on by Sippula who translated my question to Nepone, who in turn translated it to Taruhe. The answer similarly involved the four of us. Finally came the statement in rebuttal of my skepticism, "there are more

k'tapol (sheep) here than anywhere else in Siberia." Taruhe, however, later on modified the impression of abundance by saying that sheep formerly were very numerous, but that shortage of food had forced the Chukchis to turn to them for sustenance and that as a result their numbers had decreased. To complete our arrangements it was necessary to see Ko, who lived near the head of the bay. We made the trip with the *Wislowe*, towing behind us a large skin boat in which were Taruhe together with his wives, children and retainers. When we reached Ko's yaronga we were told that he was away but expected back very shortly. At this season of the year the natives have no regular sleeping time and will be found traveling or visiting with their friends at any hour of the twenty-four. We wasted the balance of the night waiting for Ko and when finally forced by physical exhaustion to get rid of Taruhe it was about the time when people in civilized communities are beginning the day's work. It was high noon when I opened my eyes and saw Andy smoking his rolled cigarette and reading *Java Head*.

CHAPTER XV

TEA WITH TARUHE

Ko and his herders came in from the hills at four in the afternoon, dressed in deer skin clothing with fancifully decorated knife sheaths and pouches attached to their belts and carrying the usual double pronged walking sticks. Taruhe had gone home so we followed accompanied by Ko who was the fattest young man we saw in our travels. I could not imagine him becoming delirious with joy when he heard what was planned for him as a pack animal. Nor was I mistaken for when he heard the details Ko recollected other important business of a more sedentary nature and was not in our ranks when the start was made.

We found Taruhe at the landing engaged in skinning two seals he had just taken from a thong net. He said he would join us at his yaronga so we filed up the path accompanied by the *Wislow's* crew who were no doubt filled with pleasant anticipations of a meal of fresh seal meat. Taruhe's two huts are in the center of the peninsula and of the village of Nulieurock. On the sea side are the



**"Dr." Tilyaka, Medicine Man at Shairrainnik, with a Crab which He
Wanted to Trade for Tobacco**

Siberian Eskimos who speak English call the Shaman "doctor" with the accent on the last syllable. The doctor sings to them till they forget their pain in the agony of listening; he gives them a bead or other trinket to attach as a pendant at the back of their belts. In this way his cures are effected. As his patients believe he has the power at any time to end their earthly existence his bills are promptly paid and he has no bad debts.



"Charley's" Schooner

Charley is a victim of the Eskimo communistic method of living. He paid a good sum for this vessel and with it made two trips to Holy Cross Bay for walrus, carrying a number of other Eskimos along. In accordance with custom, however, he got the same share of the proceeds of the hunt as the other members of the party, despite the fact that he had furnished not only the means of transportation but also the gas that ran the boat and the grub that fed the crew. Charley is not a radical nor an iconoclast. He accepted the verdict of society, but for the past few years he has left his boat on shore.

five huts which we first saw when approaching the place, and on the bay side nineteen perched on another cliff high above the water. The only access to the sea is by the landing from which we had come. At intervals in the unoccupied space are many circles of stones and projecting whale ribs indicating abandoned sites and showing that this is an old settlement.

The place is swampy but it has a lovely outlook. A green meadow slashed with masses of blue monk's cowl and forgetmenots and patches of yellow asters sweeps down to the rampart-enclosed bay and the open sea. On either side of the bay tower great bold capes on one of which outlined against the sky is a shaft closely resembling in size and shape Cleopatra's Needle. A similar obelisk is visible several miles beyond.

We sat in a row on the bed-log and I thought of the probable consequences of our nights of close quarters with Eskimos on the *Wislow*, and of the dangers lurking behind. Nearby was a boy who, with arms inside his parka was catching cooties on his stomach and feeding them to his mouth through the opening in the neck of his garment. The native has no greater luxury in his menu than freshly caught cooties. Meanwhile one of the housewives was boiling a pot suspended by a dog chain over the fire. She broke little pieces

from willow twigs and deftly fed them one at a time. It was raining and the willow was not as dry as that used the previous day and the place was filled with acrid smoke.

Another woman was busily engaged chopping up a couple of bushels or so of ensilage. The St. Lawrence Islanders said she was preserving greens for winter use. The chief constituent was a leguminous plant which the Chukchis call nunievuk. This is a compact little plant with a pulpy stem terminating in a brownish red blossom. In some ways it resembles a dwarf pea except that the thick spatulate leaves run spirally around the stem. Dwarf willow sprouts are also included in the mixture. After the plants are chopped finely the greens are put in a seal skin "poke", or bag with water. When eaten seal oil is added just as we use olive oil with a salad.

Presently tea was ready and we all had several cups. The yaronga was about twenty-five feet in diameter. The framework of whale ribs and poles was ingeniously contrived to support the structure and withstand the wind. The circular walls and domed roof were covered with walrus hides lashed firmly in place with rawhide thongs. I noted with interest that the structure was in part held together by telegraph wire brought to Siberia more than half a century before by the Western Union Tele-

graph Company. The smoke hole was protected by a flap of walrus hide. The door giving access to the hut was four feet high by three wide with a sill a foot or more above the ground. The fierce blasts of the north are powerless to uproot these bowl shaped dwellings, weighted as they are on all sides by heavy rocks slung with walrus hide ropes. The detail of construction has not changed in a hundred and fifty years as can be verified by reference to the narrative of Captain Cook. Opposite the door was the bed filled with deer skins. The bed curtains were now drawn up. At the right of the bed was a great pile of deer, walrus and seal skins, the chief wealth of Taruhe. Beyond was a cabinet phonograph and against it stood the muffler and pipes from the exhaust of a motor boat, an enameled steel table top, a rudder and other gear. On the opposite side of the hut was a tool chest, some wooden packing boxes including Winchester and U.M.C. cartridge cases and a long, oval box of Russian workmanship used as a receptacle for teacups and saucers and the two teaspoons of which the establishment boasted. Around the smoke hole both inside and out were salmon in the process of drying, seal meat, walrus intestines and other menage. From convenient parts of the roof hung inflated seal skins of different sizes blown up tight as drums. Some were scraped until they

were as white and transparent as bladders, of which latter article also there was no shortage. These things furnish containers for food and the inevitable seal oil, and also floats for nets, buoys and boat fenders.

Taruhe arrived and from the pot over the fire the chunks of hump-backed salmon it contained were forked out and deposited on a four foot wooden platter and the dish placed on the ground in front of us. The yarongas have no floors and one has to watch his footing on the slippery earth to keep from falling and discomboberating things. The woman with dexterous sweeps of the hand made places for two bowls, one at either end of the platter. The bowls as might be expected contained seal oil. Pressed to join in the repast I secured some salt and was given also from the oval box an enameled plate. There were no table knives or forks.

Squatting on my hams I took a piece of the fish in my hand following the example of the others. The taste was beyond reproach until the part that had rested on the platter was reached, when a disagreeable sensation was experienced. The taste suggested an odor that to civilized senses is highly unpleasant. I had my suspicions and they were soon verified when after the meal I saw the dish given to the expectant dogs for polishing off. The

dogs clean the platters and the women lick the tea cups, a labor saving expedient in domestic economy. Knowing the habits of the dogs as scavengers it is evident that if typhoid once got a foothold in this country no native would escape the disease.

No sooner was the fish disposed of than another platter this time piled high with raw seal meat was brought on. I made no attempt to join in the onslaught, but watched the others as they grabbed portions and taking corners in their teeth with their sheath knives cut off and swallowed all they thought they could get down without choking. At times the men dexterously sliced off pieces of fat to combine with mouthfuls and at other times used the seal oil as a lubricant. If these people had ever been taught to eat noiselessly they had forgotten the art. The meat is bolted so rapidly the onlooker is filled with enthusiasm. The meal seems to be a sporting event. One wants to bet that this or that particular artist will win the championship. The great heap lowers with lightning rapidity, and as it disappears the bellies of the feasters visibly swell. The women ate from a separate platter, as did likewise an old man who hobbled in and was given his portion. Less meat is eaten raw here than further east because this coast gets a part of the driftwood from the upper Anadir River.

After both fish and meat courses, a piece of stuff that looked like a double handfull of oakum was passed around. The men in turn used it vigorously to mop the grease from face and hands. In some cases the after condition of the man was worse than before. The women finally had the service of the community napkin and when all were through it was carefully put away for future use.

Then came the important business of arranging the terms and conditions of the hunt. The four of us again exchanged questions and answers. Taruhe promised to furnish three packers for whose services he was to be paid at the rate of four dollars per day per man for time actually worked. He was to supply the men with food. He also agreed to put us across the bay and lagoon at the head of the bay with a skin boat which would be left for use on our return, and to land our supplies and care for the things we did not want on the trip. Ko would get two herders as aids and we would be taken to mountains where k'tapol were thick as blueberries in the brule, and bears contending with each other for the honor of succumbing to our marksmanship. The only fly in the unctuous ointment was Ko's refusal to leave on the morrow, as he required another day for visiting and for having his footgear repaired. I had an uneasy feeling that there was hayseed in my hair and that I had in-

vested in a lot of brass filings, but Sippula would not at this time consent to attempt the voyage to Holy Cross Bay and there was nothing else to do but stay and test the matter out.

It was after midnight when the conference was concluded. We adjourned to the beach and in the presence of the entire population of Nulieurock landed our duffle. Aloofness on the part of the natives was already being replaced by too great familiarity. It required two trips of Taruhe's skin boat to transport our goods from the *Wislow* and as Taylor and I were busy passing the things from the cabin and did not know when the first load had left I was somewhat worried until we got ashore with the second trip and found nothing missing. A no less authority than Taruhe himself had warned us of the thievish disposition of the people here. Sippula however had again lectured the natives and through Nepone directed them not to steal from us. Every article landed in the two boats was carried up the hill at one trip. Taruhe loaded numerous children and a lesser number of men and women with boxes and sacks and brought up the rear of the procession himself carrying the two heaviest.

We pitched our big tent near his yaronga, Taruhe aiding by driving numerous and sundry bones in the ground in lieu of wooden tent pegs.

He brought us his kerosene primus stove to take the place of our stove rendered useless by Sippula's failure to bring the alcohol from St. Lawrence Island, and gave us the boat rudder for a base for the stove and the enameled steel tabletop and other useful things. We checked all this up on the credit side of the ledger, but there were debits also as when later on he tried to collect \$7.50 per gallon for the kerosene we had burned. He also at one time or another opened our bags and boxes and examined all our possessions. He stole some of the things but was forced to return them. I caught him once in the act of testing my tooth brush as he had seen me use it and on another occasion Taylor recovered his automatic pistol from Taruhe barely in time to prevent a tragedy in the crowded tent. All Chukchis grab one's things and examine them without permission. When something new and unusual excites their admiration the discovered jabbers a string of "cookcoos" with the accent on the last syllable, and the others crowd close to satiate their curiosity. They are never satisfied just to look at a thing but must have it in their hands to paw over and one has to keep his eyes open or the article will disappear. Eskimos are a much safer gamble in this respect than Chukchis because they are honest by nature and the Chukchis only when they think it good policy.

When the work of putting up the tent was completed Taruhe squatted inside and watched Taylor cook our supper of bacon and eggs. Afterwards he ate with us. We had tied the tent flaps but six or eight children and men lay on their bellies on the ground and projected their heads under the flaps. Taruhe without so much as by your leave fed the children hardtack from one of our opened cases. Up to this time he had carried on very well the "no savey" program, so well in fact that we had never questioned its genuineness, but when it came to the cigars it suited Taruhe to throw aside the mask and he opened a conversation in the current brand of "pidgin" English. Why the camouflage had been resorted to we never knew, unless it had been to take advantage of our conversation at unguarded moments.

Two such dissimilar races as the Chukchis and Eskimos are not often found rubbing elbows. The Chukchis may possibly be the lost tribe told about in Jeremy Curtin's *History of the Mongols*, a tribe which in the heyday of Mongol ascendancy migrated far to the northeast. As a wild and certainly unorthodox guess I also venture that the Eskimos may have been a Chinese offshoot pushed north by more warlike races in the competition for good land, and finally all but kicked out of Asia by the strenuous Chukchis. Distances east and west

in this northern country are far shorter than flat map trained people imagine, and it would not have taken long for the vanguard of the Eskimos to have traveled across North America to Greenland. Stefansson on Banks Land was visited by an Eskimo family from Smith Sound bordering Greenland at a time when he had a Nome Eskimo in his party. Dress such an Eskimo as Knigatow in Chinese clothes and a Canton coolie in deer skins and the Eskimo becomes a Chinaman and the Chinese an Eskimo so far as appearance goes. Then try the same experiment with North American Indian types and see if your faith is not shaken in the standard hypothesis that Eskimos are of Indian origin. Eskimos are courageous, kindly people and are not to be judged by individuals like our packer Allalowin, nor the flotsam around trading posts. Now that we were leaving them behind we began taking stock of their good qualities. As a race they are honest, industrious and generous to the highest degree. In the first winter of the Klondike gold rush I saw white men who possessed six or eight months supplies of food refuse a mouthful to starving refugees, brother white men whose bones were afterwards frozen in the Yukon River ice. When Eskimos starve they all starve together, and the stranger shares with them the last morsel. The Chukchis have little to commend them to the

traveler. The further we penetrated their country and the more we saw of them the less we liked them. They are insolent, overbearing and treacherous.

CHAPTER XVI

ILLUSIVE K'TAPOL

WE got our start for the hunt in the mountains north of Nulieurock on July 31 at one in the afternoon. Ko did not appear. Two other packers had turned up earlier in the day but when all was ready they left us for the teapots and were gone an unconscionably long time. It had rained all night and there was a nasty east wind. As we reached the landing we saw the *Wislow* still lying at anchor waiting for better weather for her return to St. Lawrence Island.

I had arrived at an understanding with Sippula as to what he was to do, and to avoid further mistakes had put the instructions in writing. Sippula is educated and can read. He was to carry another note to Captain Thompson requesting him to come to Nulieurock with his schooner August 12 to take us to the nine thousand foot mountain at the head of Holy Cross Bay and Sippula was to wait at Emma Harbor until he got a positive answer from Captain Thompson. If Thompson said "Yes" Sippula was to deliver to him our supplies from St. Lawrence Island. If Thompson said "No" Sippula was to himself come for us with the sup-

plies. Sippula did not relish my putting the directions in writing, but while I liked him for his enterprise and courage I had had sufficient demonstration that his mind functioned differently from my own and wanted to minimize the factor of uncertainty. Sippula's brow was knitted as he took the sheet of instructions but he said "Trust me, Burnum!" Everything had thus been settled so far as I was concerned, but Taruhe, in true native fashion had to stop at the *Wislow* for another long palaver.

An hour later we started again. At the entrance to the lagoon we had an object lesson of the difficulties confronting eider ducks attempting to raise their young. On either side of the sand spit were a number of broods of young ducks with parent birds which were being unmercifully harried by sea gulls. During the very short time we were passing the spit aided by a strong flood tide we saw nine young ducks annihilated. The gulls knew exactly what they wanted and just how to get it.

Selecting a particular brood the gull darted at it with the object of scattering the family. The mother duck with outstretched wings frantically attempted to defend her young, but to her the gull never vouchsafed his attention. His keen eye was looking down through the clear water at the fledglings who had gone under for safety. He picked

out the particular innocent furthest separated and when this one came to the surface it was seized and swallowed with one and the same motion.

A mother duck took her brood ashore on the spit. A gull dropped in and marched along with the procession seizing favorable opportunities to cut out the strays, and he had an insatiate appetite! I have never liked the creatures since I saw herring gulls destroying young wild ducks I was attempting to raise in northern New York fifteen years ago. Gulls kill appalling numbers of wild fowl in the marshes of Alaskan rivers emptying into Bering Sea each breeding season and are a more serious menace to the continuance of the supply than is generally realized.

The gulls also harry the eiders during the nesting season and the survival of the species can only be accounted for by the fact that adversity has given these ducks a wonderful degree of courage and pertinacity. During this time gulls can be seen even in the remote mountain valleys, covering all the available nesting grounds. On August 4, Taylor found a freshly made eider's nest containing five eggs. At this late date we thought it likely it was the duck's fourth attempt to replace ravished clutches. On July 25 while following down a small stream from its source in a glacier back of Sivoka I saw a destroyed nest with four punctured eggs

and other broken fragments nearby where the gulls had scattered the remains of their feast. This was evidently a second or third attempt because the nest was only scantily supplied with down from the mother's breast. First nests are the softest beds that babies ever nestled in. Two hundred yards further down the same stream, however, was evidence of still greater tragedy. Here were other destroyed eggs and a nest that I think had been made by the same plucky bird because it had been constructed entirely of moss. Nothing but the fact that she had already plucked her bosom bare would have made the eider resort to such a makeshift. When anyone talks to me of the necessity for protecting sea gulls I am moved to profanity.

We passed a skin boat containing several hundred freshly caught salmon. A short distance up the small river entering the lagoon on the east side Taruhe inspected a net set across the stream and found it full of fish. Many salmon could be seen in the shallows with their backs out of water and here also the gulls were at their work of destruction. No bear tracks were seen here or on other salmon streams.

At 4:30 P. M. having covered four miles from Nulieurock by boat we started the land journey traveling northeast up a broad valley through which many bright streams meandered. At seven

we reached a low ridge which almost bisects the flat and after crossing this through a depression near some small tarns we traveled to the head of the valley making camp at 10 P. M. only a mile beyond the tent of Ko's deer herders. One of the herders, a finely built young man with a smiling face, named Takaupta, helped us put up the tent.

Taruhe had not furnished us the three packers he had promised but then little lapses like this never bother a Chukchi. We had one first class man in the person of old Karinko whom we liked from first to last. We called him old perhaps because he had a quizzical smile or possibly because his companion was so young. Karinko could not have been more than thirty-five. The other packer Uvuk was a husky lad of sixteen, as unreliable and flighty as a wild animal. Probably Uvuk was Karinko's son because the older man gave him the best of the food and constantly deferred to his wishes. Chukchis, like Eskimos, never cross their children and from our viewpoint spoil them hopelessly.

Just before reaching our camp site we passed through the reindeer herd numbering about two hundred and fifty animals. The deer paid little attention to us, but when they raised their heads to look Karinko whistled to reassure them. Many streams were forded on the way and once the men stopped to pluck a fresh supply of dead grass for



Nutongou, One of Eyah's Wives, a Woman of Fine Character

Note the way her hair is dressed, despite the fact that she has never seen a white woman.
The rule with native women is a baby and pigtails.



Knigatow, Who Would Not Sell a Bear Skull

Because as Ahtooys, the medicine man, explained, if he parted with it the next bear he met would surely kill him



Oyo Filling His Pipe

The bowl is no larger than a doll's thimble. The smoker plucks a bunch of deer hair from his parka and puts it in the pipe and on top adds a pinch of tobacco. He takes four whiffs which he swallows.

Eskimo Types

insoles in their moccasins. Karinko could not speak a word of English and Uvuk's vocabulary was only slightly less limited. Consequently our conversation with the men was carried on by signs and pictographs which they are quick to read.

Karinko indicated that we would hunt the country north of camp. He told Uvuk where to go with Taylor, and himself accompanied me. Neither Andy nor I wanted guides but we were content the first day to have the men show us the country. We had no faith that we would see any sheep nor even sign within walking distance of deer herders and in this our judgment was sustained for there were no sheep there. Karinko led off at a good pace with me at his heels. We started up a mountain and reached the top without pause. Here Karinko turned to look at me and with a smile took my rifle and thereafter packed it. From sheer gratitude I gave him one of two sticks of chewing gum in my pocket. I had thought after the previous day's packing he would be tamed but it seemed to have the opposite effect. With the load off his back he was emancipated and no goat ever enjoyed running up the heights as did this Chukchi. For nine and a half hours we traveled at the pace of contesting athletes and during this time covered twenty-five miles of mountain, hill and valley. Quite commonly if I stopped to scan the moun-

tains with glasses I had to run to catch up with Karinko. He never paused to get a drink from the many streams we jumped or forded but instead scooped handfuls of snow to quench his thirst always however obliterating the mark with a quick motion of his foot in deference to some tribal superstition. Several times we had glimpses of Taylor and Uvuk on distant mountains. Only two incidents enlivened the hardship of the day.

The first was a humorous one. I yanked Karinko into a halt so I could have a smoke. He brought out his tiny brass pipe, plucked a few deer's hairs from his parka which he placed in the bowl adding a pinch of tobacco on top, lighted the pipe, took four long whiffs and swallowed the smoke. A moment later he leisurely exhaled the result from his lungs and dropped the pipe inside the fold of his parka. As it happened there was a very live coal in the pipe and this reached his skin about the pit of the stomach. As the country papers say there were "doings" then and there. Karinko, however, was a good sportsman and laughed heartily as soon as he could repress the tears.

The other incident happened on our return journey nine miles northeast of camp when we sighted a reindeer stag coming from a lateral valley into the one we were descending. Karinko brought up with a jerk and we both crouched down while he

talked volubly, evidently with the idea of instructing me what to do. I made out the word "korong" frequently repeated and presently it dawned on me that the stag in front was a korong and that the word might stand for the wild caribou of the country. I asked in sign language if I should shoot the korong and Karinko with great vehemence said "Aye" which is Chukchi for yes.

The stag was four hundred yards off and as the lay of the land permitted I commenced a stalk with the object of getting close enough to secure a certain shot. I had just about reached the desired position when unexpectedly Karinko appeared at my elbow and signified that I should not shoot. To make things sure he stepped out in view of the animal and the korong took fright and ran off. It was impossible at the time to find out why Karinko had changed his mind.

On the home stretch Karinko had several fits of running but did not succeed in outdistancing me at the end of the sprint. For common sense reasons I never accepted a test of physical prowess with natives if it could be avoided but in this instance I would lose the respect of the men if I came into camp in the rear, so I hung it out and reached the tent on equal terms with the Chukchi. I was so tired that a little later I found myself searching my pockets for the pipe which was in my mouth.

CHAPTER XVII

THE KORONG SOLUTION

Ko visited our camp that evening and I overheard Karinko using the word "korong" in conversation with him. I made a sketch showing the caribou with a man shooting at it, and Ko assented by saying "Aye" and also by a sign expressive of death. Placing the palms of his hands together above his right shoulder he tipped his head sidewise against them and shut his eyes. It was unlikely Ko would want any of his domestic reindeer killed and as no other herder had deer just there it seemed reasonably certain the animal was a wild caribou. Moreover it was very dark in color which corresponds with the summer coat and its actions and quickness in taking alarm had been those of a wild animal. Selective breeding has produced much lighter colored animals in the domesticated herds. The native taste runs to white and pibald reindeer and such skins are the most valuable.

Karinko and Uvuk had experienced their fill of sport and decided in the morning to return to

Nulieurock. They informed us of this fact by beating their chests and pointing south, meanwhile orating volubly in Chukchi. We suggested that they return in one day but they pointed to the holes in their moccasins and held up five fingers. We tried to compromise on two days, but could not be sure of the result. Thinking that Sippula might still be windbound I wrote a short note telling him the men had left against our wishes and that we wanted them to return next day to move our camp further inland. Sippula had sailed for we received no answer.

Taylor and I set out to solve the korong mystery. Science knows nothing of caribou in the Chukotsk and if any specimens could be secured they would be highly interesting to biologists. We traveled north through an attractive little valley and crossed a low divide to a stream running east which we followed down several miles, at times through cuts in glaciers, until it turned south around some iron black hills. Leaving the stream we continued in an easterly direction across a broad low divide to a large stream running into the Assun lagoon. It was in this neighborhood I had last seen the korong. We ate luncheon and looked the country carefully over with our glasses. The river valley directly in front was the same Karinko and I had descended the previous day. Half a mile

beyond was another and larger stream which drained a considerable extent of country to the northward. We could look over portions of these valleys and also see a long distance to the east up a valley running at right angles to the streams. Nowhere, however, was there any sign of life, until just as we finished eating we saw a man coming down along the nearest river who on closer inspection proved to be Takaupta, the young herder from the neighborhood of our camp.

Deciding that the korong had in all probability turned up the valley of the larger stream, we forded the first river and after rounding a hill to our left sat down and examined the part of this valley which had been concealed from our former position. Almost at once Taylor located the stag lying on a snow bank on a hillside across the river a mile or more away. Takaupta had accompanied us and from him I tried to learn the true nature of korong, but without success. I drew a picture of a caribou and he immediately said, "Korong." I made others to indicate deer under man's control, one for example drawing a sled, and in this connection he used the word "oulin." I failed, however, to get the distinction between a deer born wild and one which had escaped from a domesticated herd. To the south the two rivers ran through one valley to the Assun lagoon and there lying at anchor just

outside the sandspit was the same large schooner I had seen in Emma Harbor.

The three of us crossed the valley to the east side, fording the many channels of the river and then advanced towards the stag using the inequalities of the broken slope at the foot of the mountain to shield us from sight. When within about six hundred yards the deer left the snow field and began grazing in our direction. The wind came from him but the mountain slope was now too regular to afford us cover and Takaupta and I were obliged to crawl along a low bench on hands and knees, stopping whenever the animal looked in our direction. In this way we covered about a third of the distance. Then Takaupta who was very eager failed to stop as the deer raised his head. I hissed a caution but it was too late, the stag had seen the movement.

For fully five minutes the korong stood motionless looking us over and trying to make out what we were. Our positions were cramped and uncomfortable but we did not move. Then the animal began feeding again which gave us the opportunity to lie down and ease the strained muscles. I sighted my rifle at the deer, but the bead was larger relatively than the animal and I did not risk a shot. Next I trained my binoculars on him, and alas for a new species of wild rangifer, the right ear was

cut off close to the head! My interest in the stalk was gone for it was apparent that korong was nothing more than a domestic reindeer who had reverted to the wild.

We lay for a long time watching the deer. Our legs and feet were wet from the river fordings and a cold wind searched the inmost citadels of warmth. My hands shook so that I could not hold the glasses steadily enough to get a satisfactory view through them. Then the stag who was very wise and still suspicious walked to the center of the dead flat, mile wide stream valley and lay down, watching to leeward and protected from approach behind by his keen sense of smell. It was nearly nine in the evening and getting windier and colder every minute. The shadow of the opposite mountain crept up to where we lay and enveloped us.

There was just one possible way to outwit the stag and that was by a flank attack, edging into the wind as far as possible to avoid his watchful eye. I indicated the plan to Takaupta who was only waiting permission to make the attempt. Off he crept and watching him I knew why mountain sheep are practically extinct in the peninsula.

Left to his own resources the boy made a flawless stalk. When the deer turned his head to our side of the valley Takaupta melted into the ground and not until the animal's gaze was shifted could

the Chukchi's form be noted. The stealth of the panther and cunning of the wolf were equaled. I had lost him completely for some time when his rifle cracked.

We helped Takaupta skin the animal. The long cut was made from tail to under lip and the hide was all saved in one piece, everything above the hoofs. The deer was gralloched through a cut in its side in native manner. All the fat was collected and packed for transport in one of the stomachs of the animal. When Taylor and I left the job was nearly completed. We got to bed at 1 A. M. At four Ko considerately waked us to inquire about Takaupta. When we were sufficiently roused to understand what he wanted we made signs to show that the korong had been killed and gave him to understand that Takaupta might soon be expected, and he returned to the deer herder's camp.

CHAPTER XVIII

HASHIMURU TOGO

THE morning of the next day, August 3, Taylor and I walked over to the herder's camp in an attempt to secure one of the men as a packer. Takaupta who had come in during the night was too tired to do anything that day and Ko too lazy. We got one of the loins of the stag in exchange for a cut of plug tobacco and it proved to be an exceptionally nice piece of meat. Aside from the value of the venison the natives no doubt wanted the stag killed before the rutting season began in order to forestall his starting a wild band from hinds he might have enticed from their domestic herd. Takaupta had accomplished a most creditable feat in carrying the heavy carcass nine miles across rough country in the night.

Ko had driven his reindeer on a snow bank a short distance behind his tent and was engaged in killing warble flies with the willow stock of his drover's whip. He stood on the grass at the leeward side of the herd because the flies when resting from their attacks on the deer alighted here on

the warm ground rather than on the ice. In the short time I talked with him he killed fifteen or twenty.

The warble fly is about the size of a honey bee and somewhat similar in appearance. Ko dissected one of the dead flies to show the long stinger in its tail with attached eggs and he indicated in pantomime how it injects the eggs into the noses, backs and flanks of the deer. He tilted his head and shut his eyes and pointed at the deer to show that they sometimes die as a result. I filled and lighted my pipe as we talked. Ko reached for it and innocently supposing he merely wished to examine the pipe I let him have it. He at once placed it in his own mouth and began smoking. After a dozen whiffs he returned it. Around Ko's neck was a very nice lariat or chaut made from walrus hide with a hondo filed from a heavy piece of brass. The edges of the hide had been pared and sewed together with sinew so as to make it round and the lariat was also tapered for better throwing. The natives also made round thongs by a process of rolling. The lasso was used here long before western cow punchers developed their art.

The Chukotsk reindeer are much smaller than Alaskan reindeer, for the peninsula is overstocked and the winter pasturage insufficient. They looked sleek however as they had about finished shedding

their old coats of hair. Some had also already lost part of the velvet from their horns. They ranged in color from white to a dun black with intermediate piebalds or pintos. Many fawns nursing their mothers already had horns a foot in length. No other member of the deer family so far as I know has horns the first year of its life. Caribou, both wild and domesticated, are notable for what, lacking a better term, may be called "persistency" of horn growth. The females have antlers and so do the castrated males, and the steers drop their antlers in the fall and grow new sets in the spring as do normal stags. The rule with other steers of deer species is that if they are castrated without horns, horns do not again appear, but if at the time they have firmly set horns the horns remain as a permanent fixture as the act checks further development. One of the experiments being tried at the Bureau of Biological Survey Reindeer Station in Alaska has in view the checking of horn growth with the object of increasing the weight of the animals.

A few of the deer lay on the ice, but most of them were moving about uneasily and from time to time kicked or grunted as the flies attacked them. When they tried to leave the ice Ko brought them back by whistling or cracking his whip. He often looked at the sun, but evidently the time had not

arrived for permitting the deer to begin feeding. I think at this season the Chukchis daily resort to the practice of killing warble flies during the heat of the day for wherever they have been one sees the snowbanks near their camps covered with deer dung of many days accumulation. I asked Ko by means of sketches if his deer would carry packs and was told they were not used that way but only for drawing sleds.

I made a map of the country to the north showing on it our tent as then located and also the same tent at a point beyond the place where the korong had been killed and connected the two with a dotted line following the route which I knew they used and on the dotted line drew a man in native dress with a pack on his back. Ko readily guessed the idea and replied in sign language that the boy was tired and that he himself could not leave the deer, but he promised that after one sleep Takaupta would pack for us.

Ko turned up at our tent as Taylor was preparing supper. His first action was to investigate the contents of the frying pan with the end of his walking stick whereupon Andy with disgust turned the food out on the ground. Ko ate the sample and liked it so well he insisted on having more, so we gave him tea and meat and rice and stewed apples. Natives like most civilized dishes, though few will

eat cooked meat which has been seasoned with salt. During the meal Ko took off his moccasins exposing two indescribably dirty feet right on our dining table! Fortunately for him Taylor had his back turned or there would have been bloodshed. Ko was plainly surprised a little later at my loss of temper when I caught him putting his fingers in the butter.

A strong south wind which was blowing seemed to make Ko's reindeer uneasy and despite his whistling they were moving high up on the mountain sides. He called to them "Tac! Tac! Takuack!" and also "cooied," but in no gentle tones. Finally as they were traveling rapidly all over the landscape he had to leave on the run to head them. At 9 P. M. he returned with his deer following him like lambs. He toyed awhile with my Newton-Springfield rifle giving vent to many grunts of admiration and interrogation. At midnight Takaupta called and aroused us from sleep. We told him to be on hand early in the morning.

When morning came, however, Takaupta did not appear. Taylor walked the mile to the herder's camp and came back with the news that Takaupta's back was sore. We wanted to conserve our strength for the hunting, but as there was now no other course we shouldered the packs and started. I used a pack rope which Belmore Browne had

given me and found I could carry a load with more comfort than with any device I had ever tried. With it the weight is supported from the breast bone, just as the natives pack. We put in seven hours work and camped several miles north of the place where the korong had been killed near a point where the valley forks, one branch running northeast and the other and larger one northwest. We had just raised the tent when it began raining.

The storm continued that night and the following day and night, but on the morning of August 6th the south wind stopped blowing and with it the rain ceased and the clouds lifted until all but the summits of the higher mountains were visible. We were near the divide between Bering Sea and the Arctic and in as fine a natural sheep country as we had yet seen. The requirements of feed and well guarded retreat were present, because the hills were volcanic and very broken and rough. Taylor elected to explore the central group of mountains between the forks of the creek north of camp while I hunted the east range northward. From the mountains we could see plainly the country we had previously hunted from the Shairrainnik base. Aside from some rather good looking ridges at the head of the Korookpuk River there was nothing in between we had not already covered that had the characteristics we had learned were

necessary for the existence of sheep in this country.

Anticipation ran high with me that day because an hour after leaving camp I found three sheep had been in the range within the last three weeks. Momentarily I hoped to locate them. They had come in since the hair shedding period. One by his heavy, stubbed track was evidently a large ram, and the others, ewes or small rams. But though I wore my eyes out looking for them I could see no sheep, nor did I find any more recent sign. I did not hunt two important easterly spurs of the range because they were fog capped and it seemed advisable to leave them for better weather conditions. I followed the main trend of the range all the way to a deep transverse cañon marking the Arctic watershed. The mountains further north were lower and more rounded and there were no indications that the sheep had crossed to them. Moreover there were other reindeer herders camped there. It seemed, therefore, quite likely that the sheep would be found on the easterly spurs, one of which was more properly a semi-detached group of several mountains. Andy covered his territory thoroughly but found no sheep sign whatever.

Near a little glacial lake on the way back to camp was the only fresh bear sign I saw on the peninsula. A brown bear had been feeding here very recently. A month before I had seen old bear



The Rear of the Masinka's Mongtera Contains the Deer Skin Curtained Bed, a House Within a House

Here every one sleeps together, without regard to age or sex, naked as the day they were born. They never heard of Adam and Eve and the fall of man, and have neither shame nor self-consciousness nor immorality as we interpret the term. Jealousy too seems strangely missing.

Photo L. P. Harris



Taruhe Moving House

The Chukchis have an unwritten sanitary code requiring the removal of their yarongas to new sites after the ground inside becomes more than boot-top deep in filth. The poles supporting the hut came down the Anadir River as drift from its Myan branch far to the southwest. There is not a tree three inches high in all the Chukotsk.

signs on the head of Reindeer River northwest of Emma Harbor and a month later I found an old sign southwest of Mount Matasingi. We secured no bears on the trip. While polar bears are common enough on the coast in winter the land bears exist only in extremely limited numbers.

I got to camp at 9:30 P. M. very footsore with both moccasins badly ripped, and found that Karinko and Uvuk had returned. They had difficulty in finding us and had been out all the previous night in the rain. Karinko gave a very vivid demonstration of how they had shivered with no protection from the storm. He then handed me a note written on a piece of cardboard and said distinctly, twice the name of "Thompson." He must have been drilled to repeat the name as he never attempted English words, but as there had been ample time for Thompson to get our permits and reach Nulieurock I eagerly took the unsigned note, written with faultless chirography and spelling but with one misused word

"Dear Friend Mr. Burnham

Please you may come. I *live* next day."

I read the note aloud to Taylor and he said at once what was in my own mind, "Hashimuru Togo wrote that!"

Thompson speaks, reads and writes English very

well. The note was plainly a fake because it was not in his handwriting and if he had written it he certainly would have signed it and would not have relied upon a native to repeat his name. There is only one race in this part of the world whose people learn to read and write fluently another language than their own and yet at times completely miss the sense of certain words, the Japanese.

Karinko was greatly worried next morning when we would not permit him to take down the tent. It was evident that he himself was acting in good faith and also that he feared Taruhe's displeasure in not bringing us at once to Nulieurock. Conditions of visibility were good and we decided to settle the question of whether the sheep whose sign I had seen were still in the neighborhood.

Taylor and I traveled together up a little glacier back of the camp to the saddle at the height of land and then separated, he taking the southern and larger part of the unexplored side ridges that might harbor the sheep while I traveled in a northeasterly direction. We exhausted the remaining possibilities that day but saw no signs more recent than those already observed, though I found three or four more beds in the extremely broken country which fell to my lot to examine. The sheep had either been killed or had left this range some time

prior to our arrival. Both on account of the character of the mountains and the lack of evidence of crossing at the natural exits it seemed likely they had not gone further south, east or north. There remained some suitable country to the westward which we had not yet hunted and which could be reached from the site of our former camp and we decided to return to that place.

As I sat on a rock pinnacle of an eastern spur of the range that day scanning neighboring ridges with my glasses a longspur paid me a visit and for several minutes I gave up my task to watch the little bird, until I became convinced it had a nest in the neighborhood and that my room rather than my company was desired. Such meetings are so infrequent as to be worthy of note. I had seen in the valley below several marauding gulls and a pair of ravens, but the sheep ranges are practically devoid of life. Vegetation is similarly lacking particularly on the glaciated mountains. I could see miles and miles of bare rock with only occasional lichens and no grass or sheep fodder except extremely sparse scatterings in the breaks of the rocks which are chiefly found in the volcanic formations. The country has a wild beauty which is a joy to the soul. I was never in a region where one is so constantly filled with visions of virgin loveliness. But

away from the sea coast it is lonely beyond comprehension. As I think it over I realize that this is a part of its charm.

The south wind blew again and it rained all that night. In the morning there was a Scotch mist and the mountains were buried in fog. It was impossible to hunt on the way so we traveled with the men. At one time our pack-horses ran for a ten minute stretch using a gait that Taylor characterized as a coolie trot. We kept our pace and caught up with them in another ten minutes. Debating the question we reached the conclusion that Chukchis smell worse than Eskimos. When traveling to leeward in such company on a damp day one has to get off to one side to avoid suffocation. When Karinko changed his foot gear that night at camp very bad cuts were disclosed on the insides of both insteps which Taylor treated with iodine.

August 9 was another rainy day. I had not slept well and for good reason. I devoutly hoped the sensations experienced might be traceable to denizens of the eider duck's nest the men had been working at the previous evening, cleansing the down from foreign substances. Greatly to my horror, however, I found the real thing on my undershirt. There was but one and I fatuously hoped it was of the male sex.

CHAPTER XIX

SHIPS AND SEALING WAX

As we could not hunt on account of bad weather, I took this opportunity to run down to Nulieurock with the men to get an explanation of the note Karinko had brought. We had no other sure way of continuing our journey, or for that matter returning to America except by Thompson's schooner and there was of course a possibility that the message might have some relation to Thompson.

There was no skin boat for us at the river's mouth as had been agreed and we had to walk around the lagoon and bay all the way to Nulieurock. The latter part of the journey was fatiguing, being chiefly through bog saturated with peaty brown water. At the start Karinko set off at a great pace and he and I made the ridge crossing the valley in a little over an hour. Here we waited eighteen minutes for Uvuk to catch up, first in a drench of perspiration and rain and then chilled through by the raw wind. The water courses were swollen and the fording worse than usual. Before

we got to the lagoon we saw lying at anchor in the bay the three-masted schooner we had sighted at Assun Inlet. The latter part of the distance was a race between Karinko and Uvuk to see who would be the first home. Taruhe was absent when we arrived at 6 P.M. and while waiting for him I was again thoroughly chilled.

The little tent was put up and I ate a cold bannock which had been brought for lunch and changed my footgear before Taruhe came in with some meat from a walrus he had just killed. He admitted without hesitation the disingenuousness of the note his men had brought me. Billy Thompson had not come and his name had been used merely as a decoy to get me out of the mountains. It was the "Russian Captain" who desired my presence.

I was not certain of the wisdom of accepting the invitation. It seemed not improbable that Vassily had reported us for traveling in the country against his orders, and that I might be arrested and carried away. I was still free to return to camp and wait until the vessel left as there was little likelihood the strangers would follow us into the mountains. On the other hand it was most desirable to get our status settled, and by remaining I should be in a position to find out more definitely how my activities were regarded. It was unlikely that any-

thing really serious was threatened, but I slipped an automatic pistol in my coat pocket with the thought that if the intention should be to detain me I would not be altogether helpless. My mind was made up as a last resort to use the pistol before submitting to capture. Vermin infested log jails are not pleasant places of residence.

As Taruhe and I approached the bay four small men, in European clothes, appeared from behind a native hut from whose shelter they had no doubt kept a watch on my movements, and entered the path in front. Although it was impossible to see them plainly through the gloom I assumed they were Japanese sailors which proved to be the fact when we caught up to them at the landing in the act of launching a dinghy equipped with an outboard motor. Instead of offering me passage to the ship, however, they watched Taruhe's men carry down a skin boat and put it in the water. All the way to the ship they only kept a short distance ahead of us. Then happened a curious thing; as soon as they had clambered aboard they hoisted the gangway. It was an inhospitable action but even at this I was not prepared for the insult which followed.

There was no place to climb the side of the *Daichii Toro Maru* until we reached the mizzen shrouds. Taruhe ran the skin boat close in and as I

rose to grasp the steel footings, one of the Japanese who had been watching attempted to precipitate on my upturned face something indescribably foul. I was fortunate in escaping the discharge but, as the sea was breaking against the other side of the vessel I had to climb at this place and my hands did not entirely escape the insult. On deck I was received rudely and hustled to a cabin and thrust inside.

My hand was on the automatic in my pocket and in my mind was an exact impression of the point below the rail where the skin boat lay. I had a definite plan of shooting through the pocket in case of sudden attack and then jumping over the ship's side and making off in the skin boat. It was raining and fairly dark and it would only take a few paddle strokes to get out of sight.

When I saw the faces of the men in the cabin, however, I quickly realized that no such desperate measure would be required. It was a large, well-lighted cabin with a long table in the center, about which were seated eight men. Two of these men were Japanese of the educated, business type and the others were Russians. Though I did not learn until afterwards who they were, there was nothing in their looks suggesting Bolsheviki.

I was given a chair and then a tall scholarly looking Russian with a long sandy red beard who sat at the center of the table asked me my name



Captain "Billy" Thompson, Owner of the Schooner *Trader* of
Petrovavlovsk and of the Trading Post at
Emma Harbor, Siberia

Captain Thompson is an Estonian Russian and gets his name from a
Scotch grandfather from whom, no doubt, he also inherited a part, at least,
of the fine qualities he possesses.



Mrs. Thompson and Misha, the Son Who was Raised in Siberia
on the *Ladies' Home Journal* Directions



The Flow of the Fog Coming in Like an Inundating Ocean through the Valleys until the Mountains Become Islands

Often this condition is reversed and only the summits fog capped

and where I came from. The question was mildly put and expressed in perfect English. I could have smiled in the reaction from tense nerves except for two reasons. First, as a free born American citizen I resented the assumed right of these men to question me and secondly, I realized that there was still something serious about the affair. They had not come to this place for me and waited four days simply for the pleasure of making a social acquaintance. But there was nothing to be gained by refusing to reply and I gave the desired information, which was noted by a secretary at the end of the table.

"So this is Mr. Burnham of whom we have all heard so much," said my interrogator. "May I ask what business brought you to Siberia?"

"I did not come on business, but for pleasure," I replied.

"Pleasure? What pleasure can you find in such an inhospitable region?"

"I am hunting."

"Hunting with any specific object in view?"

"Yes, I am trying to determine the nature of the mountain sheep of the country."

There followed a series of polite but pointed questions as to why I should come so far on such a quest—was not the hunting much better further south in Kamchatka, and for that matter were

there not many mountain sheep in Alaska and moose and caribou as well? I had to explain the scientific interest in the sheep. One of the Japanese held a whispered conversation with the inquisitor and he asked my address in New York to which I replied that my business address was 233 Broadway.

"What building is that?"

"The Woolworth Building."

"Do you live there?"

"No, I told you it was my business address."

"Where do you reside?"

"I have an apartment on Seventy-second Street and my family spends the summer in northern New York."

It dawned on me that my truthfulness was being tested, and the next question proved this. It was an unexpected and incongruous question for Russians and Japs to ask on the coast of Siberia.

"How many elevators has the Woolworth Building?"

I had never counted them, but apparently my reply was satisfactory when I said, "Thirty or more, not including freight elevators."

It was evident that some of these men were familiar with New York and were checking my replies in the light of this knowledge. Becoming satisfied that I would not descend to evasion they

came to the nub of the interview and asked if I was engaged in mining. I replied that I was not, and then recollecting the gold pan, pick and shovel Taylor had brought across from Alaska and which at this moment were lying beside Taruhe's yaronga I explained that my companion was an old time prospector, one of the discoverers of the Shushanna gold strike in Alaska, who had brought the implements of his trade with him, but that I had not permitted him to use them because I required his assistance in finding our game.

Later on in camp Taylor informed me I had not told all the truth. He had burned the grease from the frying pan and washed the gravel and found gold in all the streams after we reached the mica schist formation. My answers however satisfied my interrogators and at the end of an hour they were convinced that I was a harmless nut without ulterior designs on the gold and platinum of the Chukotsk. Tea was served and soon the Russians and I were in amicable accord. The Japanese, however, maintained a sarcastic aloofness.

I learned that I was the guest of the Foucouda Company, (I spell the name phonetically), a Japanese corporation which claimed to have a concession of the mining rights of the Chukotsk Peninsula and North Kamchatka. My interrogator, John

A. Korsookeen, is an internationally known mining engineer, who when with the Russian Economic Commission had offices in the Woolworth Building and curiously enough an apartment on Seventy-second Street. The party had made an important strike on the Assun River and had also discovered graphite in the granite at the east end of the Peninsula. Korsookeen speaks ten languages almost equally well. He and his fellow Russians had left their native country after the Czar's overthrow and were not in sympathy with the Soviets. Only once in the general conversation did the Japanese take any notice. That was when I said that English was an illogical language. At this the Japs jointly laughed. In addition to the crew the *Daichii Toro Maru* had on board thirty Japanese miners.

This story is significant of that fact that the Japanese on this coast were not over brotherly in their affections for Americans. Other nationalists were treated respectfully while Americans were spat on by the common sailors and made subjects of suspicion by those higher up. Much of the direction of affairs in Japan is in the control of the big business families and these men are very able and far seeing and mercenary. As dollar chasers Americans are not in the same class with them. It seemed to me that the hostility of the common people, shown unmasked in this out of the way cor-

ner of the world, was significant of more than resentment at our exclusion laws. I became convinced it was prompted from above by business motives.

This set me looking for the reason Japan had kept her army in Vladivostok and had not lived up to her agreement to withdraw at the same time the United States recalled its troops. As time went by and I learned of the rich harvest the Japanese were reaping in Siberia the reason seemed evident.

Japan was opposing the decent government set up at Chita by the Far Eastern Siberian Republic, or as it was locally called, the Lake Baikal Republic. It is possible that but for this antagonism the republic would not have been forced to make common cause with the Soviets, in which case stable conditions might have been quickly restored and the United States, as the logical beneficiary, secured the major portion of the trade and development of Siberia. Be this as it may, Japan gave recognition to irresponsible mercenaries warring on the government of the country and in return for the substantial aid granted them received valuable business concessions.

Despite its sterile character coastal Siberia has many money making opportunities and is regarded as a treasure storehouse. A large part of the Chukotsk Peninsula has the identical geological

formation of the wonderful Alaskan gold country, and it is virgin ground. Some day it will yield its hundreds of millions of the yellow metal. The Anadir district to the west has already proved its resources in this respect and so have the Stanovoi mountains lying north of the Okhotsk Sea. The Baron Korf Gulf neighborhood of Kamchatka also has gold and on the south side of Anadir Gulf there is coal. There are known copper deposits and the petroleum possibilities are not to be overlooked, as had been demonstrated by the production of Sakhalin. The fisheries and fur trade of the country are also very valuable.

Under the terms of the Portsmouth treaty the Japanese acquired certain deep sea fisheries rights, but when Russia began crumbling they forgot the imposed limits and invaded prohibited bays and rivers. In the hey day of Seminoff and Merculoff a tremendous salmon canning business was developed. One cannery at Oest Kamchatka achieved a world's record in output. Great Britain, Japan and the United States had joined in a treaty to protect fur seals. The spirit was overlooked and the seals on the Commander Islands, the Siberian Rookeries, raided and annihilated. That they had not absorbed the coastal fur trade also, and thus acquired in entirety the profitable resources of the country was something of a puzzle

when I learned that this trading concession had been given to the Hudson's Bay Company. A possible explanation may be that Japan did not want to appear before the world as the sole profiteer.

Later on when I saw the *Odoro Maru*, a naval vessel, making topographic surveys at Emma Harbor, the Port Arthur of the north and only eight hours by fast cruiser from Nome our Alaskan outpost, and learned that Japanese war vessels were in military control of Avatcha Bay, the harbor of Petropavlovsk, commanding the great circle route from Japan to Seattle and San Francisco, the affair took on a still more sinister aspect. Immediately on my return I presented the information to the State Department at Washington, and suggested that an expedition be equipped to secure official knowledge. This was done through the *Mohave* expedition, and without fan-flare of trumpets the Japanese army withdrew from Vladivostok. I also gave the State Department information that Stefansson had seized Wrangell Island.

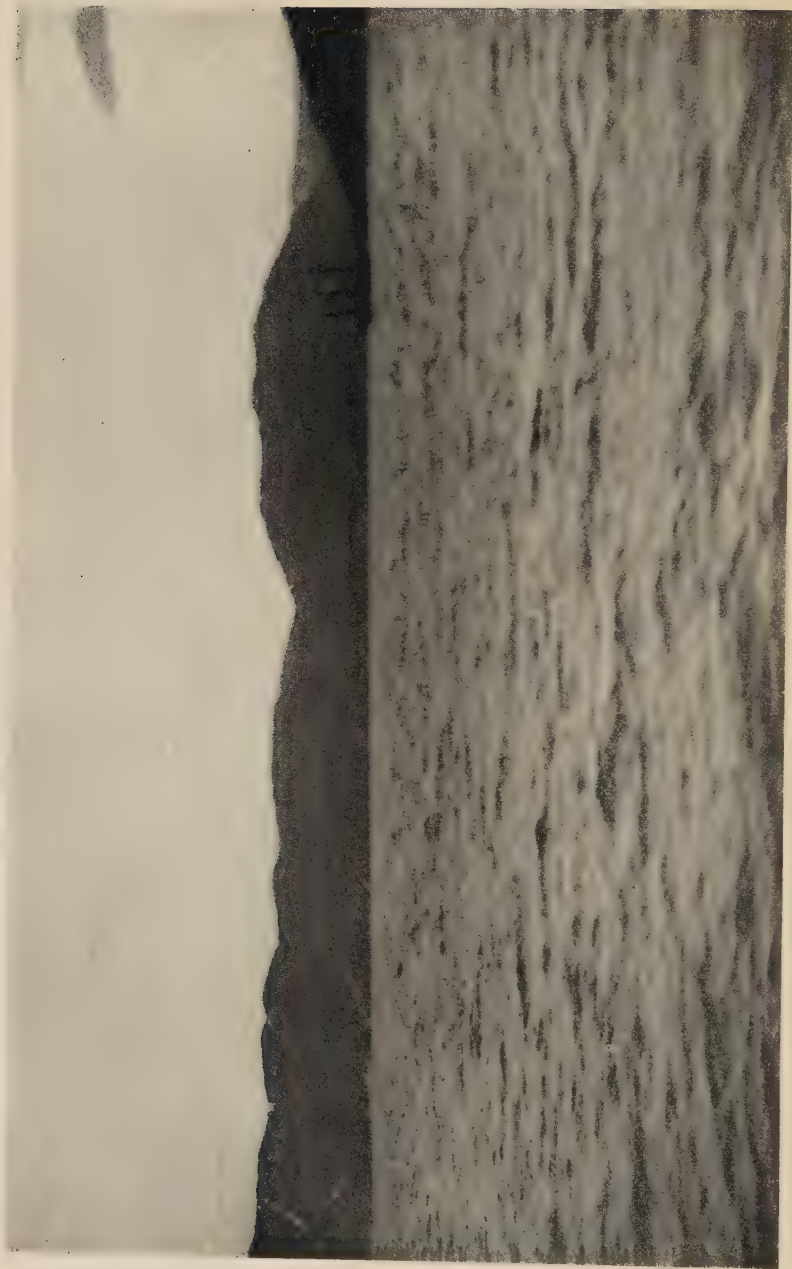
The manner in which the Hudson's Bay Company jumped over Bering Strait, clearing Alaska at the same bound, is an interesting story, but as it was to secure a trade prize a brief summary of trade history should first be told. The trade of the Okhotsk Sea, Kamchatka and the Chukotsk

was given its first stimulus by Americans long before our civil war. The way was blazed by New Bedford whalers who were followed by trading vessels from Pacific ports, though the whalers themselves in many instances carried merchandise for barter on their outward trips. Russian traders as a rule turned the American goods into furs and other salable products, but from the start of the real development of the country some of the local merchants were citizens of the United States.

The completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad naturally caused a reduction in the American supremacy in trade. The Russian government sent out from Vladivostok subsidized vessels of the so-called "volunteer fleet" which followed the coast to the Arctic and which carried the mails and transported officials and official supplies to the outlying districts. These vessels were privately owned and as the larger part of their capacity was available for other uses, it was the custom to farm it out to traders, each of whom had his cargo space and his living quarters. The boats were picturesque floating bazaars. Some carried a dozen or fifteen traders of almost as many different racial stocks besides one or more fur buyers from London, Petrograd or Hamburg as the case might be, who purchased for cash from the traders the things they acquired in exchange for their goods. The trade was



Our Base Camp Near Taruhe's Yaronga at Nulieurock



The Daichii Toro Maru Photographed from a Boat at Midnight

chiefly with native tribes for furs, walrus ivory and whalebone and in exchange were given Japanese cotton goods and American notions, German crockery and English cutlery, flour from Manchuria, brick tea from China and Russian leaf tobacco.

The captains of the volunteer ships fared well and were courted autocrats. The traders vied with each other in making presents to the men who could grant or withhold business advantages, and ports not on the regular schedule were made stopping places and all too often transfers of prohibited vodka or saké were overlooked. The business was very profitable despite the competition of American and other traders. In recent years as the governments went from bad to worse ships were taken off and the year 1920 saw the last trip of the last vessel of the volunteer fleet. The Japanese have never been liked and their competition did not amount to much and it looked as if American traders would again be in the ascendancy. But in 1921 the Hudson's Bay Company appeared on the scene.

I am of the opinion, though definite proof is lacking, that the arrival of Miss Marie Kelly at Anadir in the summer of 1920 has peculiar significance in this connection. Miss Kelly, an attractive woman of about thirty provided with an English passport, reached Nome on the second trip of

the *Victoria* in company with two men, her uncle and cousin, it was said, and with the knock down materials for building a motor boat. Through her attorney Scofield, she hired Captain Max Gotchalk to transport her party and materials to Anadir, the seat of Bolshevik government in northeastern Siberia. When they reached Anadir, the Revolutionaries refused Miss Kelly permission to land, whereupon she had Captain Gotschalk set her ashore wrapped in the British flag and dared the Bolsheviks to touch her, with the result that she stayed.

Miss Kelly stated that she came to prospect for gold. By the time her boat was put together winter set in so she postponed her trip up the Anadir River until Spring. In 1921 she lived on her boat at Anadir. She made no attempt to prospect and it was understood there had been a falling out between Miss Kelly and her relatives. The uncle and the cousin returned to the United States. By this time through sheer force of character Miss Kelly had the Bolsheviks eating out of her hand. No shade of slander has ever clouded her good name. But she secured privileges granted no other civilian, being permitted to send code messages by wireless and also to carry firearms. Clad in military coat and breeches with a pearl handled automatic at her hip, she went about as she pleased, learned all that was going on, and used the wireless.

If the Hudson's Bay Company were contemplating in 1920 the establishment of a headquarters trading post at Anadir, as was actually carried into effect in 1921, they would have shown business judgment in locating a commercial spy at this place. There was nothing of sufficient importance going on at Anadir to warrant the placing there of a political spy. Moreover, it appeared to be the policy of both England and Japan to severely refrain from interfering with the activities of local revolutionaries, at any rate, so long as the revolutionaries contented themselves with petty plundering and did not interfere with big business. The understanding seemed to be that the Bolsheviki were to be permitted to raise the wind for the few hundreds they required to support themselves and their women with food and "hootch" and that the Hudson's Bay Company and the Foucouda Company and others like them would divide the substantial returns from trading, mining and fisheries.

I did not for one moment believe that Great Britain and Japan had an understanding as sovereignties through their foreign offices to the effect that the former power would monopolize the trading on the coast and the latter the mining and fisheries to the exclusion of the United States. I think, however, the British Hudson's Bay Company had such an understanding with certain Jap-

anese interests and I had ground for this belief, in the abundant circumstantial evidence that was everywhere available.

One of the Hudson's Bay officers in Siberia told me directly that the English and Japanese concessions existed. Another official complained that the crews of the Japanese mining and fishing vessels were infringing on his company's concession by carrying on trade with the natives. The Hudson's Bay Company had made a large investment in the Siberian business having established fourteen trading posts on the coast besides entering into percentage agreements with local traders. One of their men told me also that they were planning to open extensive packing plants for the shipment of reindeer meat to the outside world. Tributary to the Siberian coast are the greatest supplies of reindeer on the hoof in the world, and with the increasing conversion of grazing grounds in the temperate zones to the growing of cereals this business has tremendous possibilities.

Equally significant was Stefansson's seizure of Wrangell Island in 1921 in the name of Great Britain, when it is known that Stefansson had been intimately connected in a business way with the Hudson's Bay Company as a partner in their Baffin Island reindeer production enterprise.

Wrangell Island was acquired by the United States in 1881 by right of discovery. The landing party under Captain Hooper of the United States Revenue Cutter *Corwin*, when they raised the flag and took formal possession were the first civilized men who ever set foot on that land.

Stefansson maintained that our title had lapsed, as we had made no attempt to colonize the island nor to reassert sovereignty. The necessity for the reassertion of sovereignty at five year intervals to inaccessible lands, as a principle of international law, is one that has not been definitely settled. Canada apparently accepts it, but it may remain for an Antarctic controversy to remove the doubt from this moot question. Since England and Canada refused to support Stefansson, and the Soviets revoked the Hudson's Bay Company's trading concession in Siberia, the Bolsheviki have planted a colony on Wrangell Island, reaching it in 1927 only by airplane.

Besides the Japanese Foucouda concession the mineral rights of the Chukotsk had been included in three other concessions. John Roseen of Chicago had secured one in 1899 through the agency of the Czar's stalmeister, Count Unarliarsky, and had formed the Northeastern Siberian Company of Seattle, which made a successful start taking out

placer gold on the mainland north of Anadir before its concession was revoked. Another had been granted to one of Hugo Stinness' lieutenants, and still later Washington Vanderlip obtained a concession from the Soviets. The Chukotsk, however, to this day has not been mined.

Trade is warfare on this frontier. Men go armed for protection or aggression. It is not so long ago that a trader in order to get a rival out of the way gave a motor boat as a bribe to the then Vice Governor at Petropavlovsk with the promise of a Ford car the next year. The rival it is true had been party to the shooting of a Cossack, but for this alone he never would have been captured as he was, and thrown into prison at Vladivostok. In the town of Anadir merchants of faultless reputation were ambushed and shot by a riffraff calling themselves Bolsheviki, and the bodies thrown out for the dogs to eat. Kindly old government officials were similarly killed. Daring traders have made fabulous percentages from their dealings in fox furs, and petty jealousies and greed have engendered an undercurrent of intrigue that is not political. But this is local and ephemeral and has only the slightest bearing on the main issue.

When the time comes for realizing Siberia's destiny the United States can be of invaluable assistance. It is the logical nation to develop the coun-

try on account of wealth, proximity and the prestige of fair dealing. If our fine traditional policy of the open door can be made effective here the trade will naturally come to us, and prosperity and peace will follow.

CHAPTER XX

MAROONED AT NULIEUROCK

KORSOOKEEN did me two favors. He informed me that Thompson had gotten our permits and would shortly come for us and he also had translated for me passages of interest from the manuscript copy of a book he had in his possession on the Anadir district written by Nicholas Sokolnikoff, former governor of the territory. These I believe cover all the references to mountain sheep in the book. The transcript was made by Mr. T. Kuroo who apologizes for his translation, which I give verbatim.

Sokolnikoff writes; "About 1900 the professor of Moscow University, Mr. M. A. Mensher asked me to deliver him a skeleton of Anadyr sheep he wished to determine to which kind this sheep belongs, Kamchatka sheep (*nivicole*) or lower current of Lena River, and more to the east (*borealis*). I prepared three skeletons. One of them has been from the Paku-Puai mountains, the two others from the mountains to the south of Anadyr. Thanks to the carelessness of my Cossacks the dogs spoiled all three skeletons. In 1909 I

brought to Moscow only parts of skeletons. The heads with horns have been safe. One skeleton of a young sheep lacked only one shoulder-blade." Specimens from the country mentioned are of very great interest, but it is doubtful if any are in existence at the present time. Following are some other statements from the manuscript.

"The chief food of the sheep is *Asplenium mur-arialis*; Chukotsk, *paporodnik*: Lamut, *oer*. It is told that the sheep gets small sheeps in the same periods as the wild reindeer. The Lamuts tell that the sheeps are very timid and descend to the rivers only seldom in night time, in doing so they do drink too much as they like make reserves. The eyes of sheep are very good, but the smell is much worse than reindeer smell." In the last sentence the reference is of course to the keenness of scent and not to the odor of the animal.

On the way back to camp next day I stopped for lunch beside a little brook a short distance beyond the lagoon at the head of the bay. Far out in the valley plain two sand hill cranes were carrying on an animated powwow and before long it appeared I was the object of their interest. They were advancing cautiously with outstretched necks in a zigzag course and at each motion I made commented volubly. Apparently they did not recognize in the seated figure their hereditary foe. My

red neck handkerchief fluttering in the wind seemed in particular to fascinate them. As I finished eating these wariest of all birds had approached within seventy yards. It was only when I got up to resume my journey they realized their mistake and flew hurriedly away.

The lower parts of valleys opening to the sea are white as far as the eye can reach with the several varieties of cotton grass so common in the north. There are also many wild flowers adding color to the foreground, chiefly in various shades of blues and yellows. We noted six different fodder grasses including blue joint and red top and also the yellow flowered pea vine, but not the other variety which furnishes such excellent horse feed in Alaska and northern Canada. There are practically none of the edible berries so abundant in the Seward Peninsula, cranberries, blue berries, moss berries and the like, which is probably due to the virtual absence of humus soil in this region. Despite the lack of trees or even shrubs, the landscape is never uninteresting. There are always mountains of varying colors, some with smooth, graceful contours and others ruggedly grand, and there are always glaciers and snow for contrast. None of the glaciers are forbidding in prospect and only a few of the mountains. The glaciers are small and the mountains picturesque and, except in detail,

easily traveled. There is charm in the fact that the country is so clean, so bathed in ozone, so new from under the white-pure ice cap, with nothing for example of the decay and senescence of the tropics.

At this time it rained or sleeted eight out of ten days. Despite frequent frequent bathing and boiling of underwear I had become the host of a flourishing colony of the natives' "little brothers," and was miserable as only a white man can be who has never know this attention. Taylor some time before had dusted his clothing with buhack, a yellow powder looking not unlike mustard, and was immune. I tried to rout the enemy by other methods and it was not until the next week that I gave in and used the sovereign remedy of Alaska. Bu-hack which is said to be the finely pulverized bark of a California tree, kills the skin-breathing louse mechanically, by asphyxiation. Its use has been so long known in the north that it is hard to understand why our army in France was not supplied with it, for through it our soldiers would have been saved much physical and mental suffering.

On August 11 Taylor left camp during a lull in the rain at 10 A.M. and a little later I followed his example. He hunted west and I northwest. It soon began pouring again and the wind increased in velocity until it was like fording a stream to force one's way against the driven water. I re-

turned to camp after a six mile walk and found Andy already there. He said the tent was nearly down when he got in. The wind blew the rain through the shelter, we were soaked to the skin and went to bed in our wet clothes to dry out, playing a few games of cribbage and reading before going to sleep.

How we missed the comfort of a good wood fire! The fuel moss was frozen or saturated and would not burn. We had to live on hard tack and raisins and such uncooked food and rely entirely on bodily heat for drying our clothing. I was impressed as never before by the power of the heating plant one carries in his body. No matter how wet the bed and clothing were on retiring the morning found us comfortably dry except for extremities. Our packers were overdue, but on account of the weather we were not surprised that they did not come. Finally at 7 P.M. on August 12 the men appeared trudging through the storm clad in polar bear skin trousers and walrus intestine rain coats over their deerskin parkas. "Phew! said Andy as the antiquated seal smell smote our nostrils.

Finding no evidence of sheep in this section we started on the thirteenth in the rain for Nulieurock, fully expecting that Thompson would be there to carry us to new hunting grounds. We were thoroughly soaked again but had one piece of good

fortune as it stopped raining long enough for us to put up the tent. Taruhe brought in a nearly empty bottle of Scotch whiskey which was very acceptable to men in our condition. When this was gone he produced a full bottle of "hootch", but we drew the line then and there. I had learned that Taruhe was a notorious distiller and maintained his control over his fellow natives chiefly through this means which accounted for his possession of the primus stove.

The place was overrun by dogs which like other northern dogs have a greater or less percentage of wolf blood in their veins. Most of them are savage and resentful of kindness. They are always an unmitigated nuisance around a camp on account of their predatory habits and when famished a positive danger, by reason of the taste they have acquired for human flesh. Children who have not reached puberty are not thought to have souls and when they die their remains are thrown behind the huts and devoured by the dogs and while cemeteries are provided for the adults the frozen ground does not permit burial below the surface. Consequently the bodies of the dogs furnish the final resting place for most of the dead of the villages. Attacks on living human beings follow as a matter of course. Many children are killed each year, and where dogs are gathered in numbers it is equivalent

to suicide for a lone adult to trip and fall among them. Before help can reach him there will be nothing left but rent clothing and the larger bones to mark the scene of the tragedy.

We had a tedious wait at the native village until August 18, six days beyond the time set, before Thompson arrived. It is with no feeling of pleasure that I recall those clammy, unclean days, unable as we were to keep our tent free from the crowding, curious Chukchis. We had no privacy even when bathing. The women would lie on their bellies and project their heads through from underneath the tent and drag in the children to see the performance. No doubt they thought it some religious observance for they cannot conceive any other reason for putting soap and water in contact with the skin. No wonder we longed for the freedom of the hills!

It was at this time that Taylor persuaded me to dust my clothing with buhack. The result was immediate relief. I had offered, here, as elsewhere a substantial reward for sheep specimens and this resulted in our securing a single set of very ancient ewe's horns.

One of our visitors who came from the native village at Cape Bering had gone the limit in his manner of hair dressing, having combined the pig-tail style with a double-decker shaven crown. This

man had first shaved a patch from the top of his head about four inches in diameter, leaving a halo of bristly black hair one quarter of an inch wide and perhaps an inch long, and below had shaved an inch and a half planetary ring, under which again was another hair halo two inches wide from which two braided pigtails hung down the back of his neck. The neck itself and all the lower part of the head below the level of the ears was also shaven.

We had a pair of moccasins stolen but after putting up a sufficiently vigorous protest Taruhe blandly returned them, saying that the dogs must have pulled them out of the tent. The dogs had shown remarkable intelligence in picking mates from a mixed pile of footgear and also unusual self restraint in waiting two days rather than immediately bolting them. Another missing article, a hand axe, was similarly restored after the exercise of moral suasion.

We went to the head of the bay one day to help Taruhe with a balky engine, installed in a whale boat, passing on the way two men who were watching for a walrus they had sighted to come to the surface again within rifle range so they could shoot him. Walrus apparently get lost in foggy weather just as men are lost when they cannot get their bearing, for it is only under foggy conditions that they are found in the bays on this coast and they

only stay long enough to find their way to the open sea. The hunters were crouched behind stone blinds on a bluff. They were armed with .30-30 rifles to which each owner had affixed by a lashing around the barrel a two legged hinged support. This form of rifle rest is very generally in use both by Chukchis and Eskimos as an aid for accurate shooting at long range. I was surprised to find, however, that these men as a rule are excellent off-hand marksmen and quick shots.

Taruhe was escorted by a crowd of men and boys who helped him launch the boat. It was painted a raw blue and had a ridiculous little cabin forward and another aft over the engine. The roof of the after house had a hole cut through the top so that the steersman could project his head and see where he was going. Attached to the front of this opening was a little steering wheel that would have delighted Lewis Carroll's Alice. It looked as if it had been made from spools.

The single cylinder engine (made in Bridgeport, Connecticut) while nearly new was in just the condition that might have been expected. Parts of the magneto were gone and it was therefore useless. The batteries Taruhe had secured from Sippula and which I had on a previous occasion wired for him had been more recently improperly connected. The timer had been disarranged so that it had to be



Siberian Firewood

Cassiope Tetragona—Fuel Moss

A creeping, flowering evergreen plant which burns when green with fragrant odor and a hot flame owing to its high content of oil. Below, Siberian Reindeer Moss, a lichen which does not compare in size with its Alaskan relative.



Karinko and Uvuk, Chukchi Packers from Nulieurock with the Loads They Carried for Us to the Sheep Mountains

Chukchi and Eskimo clothing is quite similar, except perhaps that the Chukchis have more parkas made without hoods. In general the men wear two garments, hair seal trousers with the hair out or deer skin trousers with the hair in, and deer skin parkas with the hair in next their flesh. In wet weather they add a featherweight rain parka made by sewing together walrus intestines, or in the case of the Matasing! Chukchis of split deer skin oiled till it is translucent. In winter a second deer skin parka is added, worn over the other with the fur side out. This always is hooded.

reconstructed but the spark coil was serviceable. While making adjustments I had a native turn on and off the battery switch which happened to be an electric light socket bridged with a brass screw. It was not insulated and the current passed through the Chukchi who did not know whether to look pained or pleased by the attention his yell elicited.

The pump was the last thing to be put in working condition and Taylor packed the gland with wicking made from a piece of cotton cloth. Taruhe proudly steering we took a swing around the bay. While engaged in priming the pump I noticed that my clothes were covered with soot and looking up I saw that the exhaust instead of being directed as it should have been through a hole in the side of the cabin had been bent inward and was discharging carbon monoxide in my face. I directed Taruhe at once to head his craft to shore. Taylor got me to our tent in a state of collapse from the inhaled poison and I did not entirely recover from the effects for several weeks.

The bay on which Nulieurock fronts is the only real harbor west of Providence Bay on the south side of the peninsula. It runs from northeast to southwest and is about three miles deep. It lies just west of Cape Aggen and strangely enough is little known to the mariners of this coast. The

route from Nome to Anadir passes by the bay, the coast being followed as far as Cape Bering. From Cape Bering the navigator cuts across the bight of the Gulf of Anadir until he raises the land mark of the three mountains behind Russian Spit. He should know more about the refuge of Nulieurock Bay as it affords safe anchorage in any wind. In southwest gales, however, he must run to the head of the bay and lie close in at one side or the other behind minor capes that protect very small bays. The bottom affords good holding ground and the roadsted is free from reefs.

At 6:10 A.M. on August 18 Taruhe put his head inside our tent flaps to announce, "Billy Thompson, come!" A moment later we had a glimpse of the masts of the schooner gliding by the landing place on the way to the anchorage in the inner bay. It was a snappy clear day with very little wind, the first of its kind in two weeks and we were eager to take advantage of such favorable weather to reach our next base, but the usual delays materialized and it was 5:30 P.M. before we got our start. Thompson had waited ten days at Emma Harbor for Sippula to bring our supplies but he had not appeared. In justice to the Eskimo it is only fair to say that, as we afterwards learned, Sippula could not make the passage to Siberia on account of a broken crank shaft on the *Wislow*.

CHAPTER XXI

UNDER THE RED FLAG

ON our trip to Holy Cross Bay, or Kresta Gulf as the Russians call it, after passing Cape Bering we sailed westward in order to take advantage of the northwest wind, directly toward the settlement of Anadir. Sails aiding the motor the *Trader* made good progress into the crimson sunset behind which lay the place of bloodshed under the red flag. I sat on a distillate case beside Captain Thompson at the wheel and talked with him about the tragedy at Anadir, while bowhead whales spouted in the nearby sea.

Thompson is a subject of the Revolutionary government and might be injured by the publication of this chapter, if I gave here the impression that he is the source of parts of the information or of any of the criticism, so I will say that much of the information was derived from other traders and that the criticism, if any, is my own. Thompson in answer to questions, merely supplied some of the chronological data, particularly with reference to

what happened before the present committees came into power.

"Nicholas Sokolnikoff was the last Romanoff Governor who had control of the Anadir and Chukotsk districts as a whole," said Thompson. "Baron Von Klist ruled only the Chukotsk for in his time they separated the districts by a line running from Holy Cross Bay to Chaun Bay. When the Czar was overthrown Kerensky sent to Anadir as nachalnik or commissioner, a representative of his own from Petrograd, a school teacher named Sasnofsky. Then Kolchak came in power and he sent Gronieff as Commissioner, Dalstychin as Secretary and Susselieff as Judge. Susselief's father is now working for the Soviets in the Kolyma District in the Arctic.

"The Kolchak officials were landed at East Cape and traveled through Emma Harbor on their way to assume office at Anadir. I knew the nachalnik, Gronieff who had been at the Commander Islands where the fur seals are. I felt sure there would be trouble soon where he was going and I advised him to resign and live in peace, but he replied that he was an old man long in government service and knew nothing else. Also he said he had accepted the appointment and could not now honorably withdraw. It was not long before the trouble began.

"A lot of bad men came along Kamchatka and as far as Anadir during the war. Some were from Russia and Siberia and some from America. Ten of these beachcombers in secret formed what they called a soviet committee a year ago last winter. They decoyed the Kolchak officials separately to places where they could capture them without danger to themselves and placed them in the log jail. The same night they shot them all, including Gronieff my friend. There was no trial, it was just murder."

The bandits wanted the officials out of the way so they could with safety plunder the traders. Among the bandits were George Melsakof and Ahrens of Nome, Alaska, the former of whom it is said had just been released from prison in the State of Washington after serving three of a five years sentence for a serious crime, on condition of leaving the United States. There was also at least one Mongol in the motley crew. Apparently the only man who acted from any real conviction was a former Romanoff officer named Pearson who had become a strong revolutionist and who, rather than serve with Kolchak, had fled from Vladivostok. He is credited with being a humane man and opposed to murder and rapine.

Once in power the Committee set about its real object. First they killed a kindly old Russian trader

named Smirnoff, a man who had not an enemy in the world. He was just and he helped those in need, but they shot him down like a wild animal.

Ahrens of the Committee had been befriended by the trader Markoff who had a post at the White River. Ahrens had left Alaska a few months before ragged and an outcast, but a Nome trader found him at Anadir well dressed and apparently prosperous. Curious to learn the cause the trader questioned Ahrens and was told that Markoff had provided the clothes and that this good angel also intended to give Ahrens a start as a miner having sent for the steam boiler and thawing points necessary for work in frozen ground. But this Judas learned that Markoff had money. He conducted the Revolutionary Committee to his post and decoyed his patron out to be shot and afterwards claimed the largest share of the loot on the ground that he had betrayed his benefactor! Every trader in northeastern Siberia was marked for death with the exception of two, one of whom was Charlie Carpendale the Australian at East Cape and the other Thompson himself. Why these two were left off the black list no one knows but English citizenship in one instance and the trace of English blood in the other no doubt had its influence. The outlaws may have had a vision of the

unpleasant results of exploding shells from a British war ship.

Having secured food and money sufficient for immediate requirements the piratical gang proceeded to enjoy themselves according to their ideas. Large quantities of "hooch" were distilled and native women seized. Some of the traders who had their goods confiscated were for the time being given the precious boon of life so that they could minister to the wants of the committee. Petrochenka, Motvoieff and Trevnoff were put to work in the coal mine across the river to provide fuel to keep the debauchees warm where they had quartered themselves in the best of the government buildings. The spelling of the names given is probably wide of the mark. Even now men who actually knew of the horrible happenings at Anadir are loathe to speak of them, because they are still visiting the place and the chapter is not yet finished. Had they thought what they said would be printed they would not have talked, and so I could not be seen taking notes.

The committee of ten lasted just forty riotous days when they in turn forfeited their lives. One of the drunken criminals lost the assassination list and it came into the possession of the terrorized inhabitants of Anadir. The surviving traders up

to this time had hoped the crisis had passed, but they found their own names on the list, and there also were the names of other respectable men, including the manager, engineer and operators of the wireless station. There was no longer any room for doubt, it was a case of kill or be killed. They had seen the bodies of their friends lying on the ice of the frozen river, denied Christian burial and a prey to the dogs, and they showed no mercy to the murderers though some of the committee begged for life in Christ's name. Eight they killed at one time. Pearson and another were executed later, on their return by dog team from Marco. At a less tense moment Pearson's life would have been spared because many of the traders agreed with him politically and all credited him with character and intelligence very far removed from his associates.

When the Hudson's Bay Company's trading steamer *Casco* was at Anadir in August an incident occurred which might have resulted in international complications except for the good sense of the Englishmen. British blood was shed and the Revolutionary Committee in a spasm of fear sent the *Casco* a remarkable document evidently with the object of saving its face, which it called a "Protocol," to the effect that August 8 two of the *Casco's* sailors, one an American and the other a British



"Landing" a Walrus

Left to right: Captain "Billy" Thompson and his Eskimo crew on the *Trader*—Marks, Queyonga and Tiyo, the last named, however, being of Chukchi parentage



The Walrus Meat has been Cut from the Bones and Packed in Sacks or "Pokes" Made from the Animal's Hide, and is now Being Lowered into the *Trader's* Hold

Two and a half tons of meat were secured from three walrus



Queyonga Holding a Walrus Flipper in His Teeth while He Slits it with His Knife in Order to Make Fast with a Rope

subject, were navigating a launch in an erratic manner in waters adjacent to Anadir. These men passed by the Revolutionary government's boat on which, as it happened, was the Minister of National Safety. This dignitary was greatly scandalized, though on what grounds was not stated. He ordered the men to stop, but they paid no attention to his command. He then fired three shots in front of their boat, but they proceeded on their way "laughing and singing songs," whereupon the Minister of National Safety fired two shots directly at the men one of which took effect in the fleshy part of one of the British subject's legs, but even this did not stop them. The document winds up with a warning to the *Casco* against a repetition of the offense. The only offense committed so far as the protocol shows was the unwarranted shooting of a British seaman more happily intoxicated than was his assailant.

CHAPTER XXII

CRUISING IN KRESTA GULF

ACCORDING to my diary it was August 19, but Captain Thompson said it was the twentieth. I checked back and could not see that I had made a mistake. Telling him this he said, "You have been in Siberia seven weeks and I thought you knew that we take our time in the Chukotsk from Anadir which is west of the 180th meridian. You have gained a day; it is August 20." I did not accept the gift however and did not change my diary for I looked ahead a bit and thought how awkward it would be on my return to America to lose a day, to step for example from September 1 back into August.

Captain Thompson had sighted four walrus before I came on deck in the morning and asked if I cared to kill any, adding that his crew would like to have the meat for their families. I told him that the sheep hunt at the head of the gulf was the important thing, but if we could pick up a few walrus without losing time nothing would suit me better. Thompson remarked that we would not have to go out of our way to get them.

We were approaching the best summer walrus waters in the north outside the range of the Arctic ice. Near us were three of the very limited number of known localities where Bering Sea walrus haul out on land. On the left was Russian Spit and on the right Meechken and Kanginin spits. There is a walrus island in the Pribilofs and another between Bristol and Kuskokwim Bays off the mainland of Alaska where the neighboring clam beds hold the walrus after the ice has gone, also the little Punuk Islands near St. Lawrence Island, but these, with St. Matthews Island, to the best of my information comprise all the important summer localities for walrus outside the Arctic Ocean. Nowhere, however, but in Kresta Gulf can so many bulls with good tusks be found.

We were nearing the western end of the forty mile sand spit of Meechken when the Captain sighted the next walrus. He pointed them out close in shore, over a hundred of the great animals playing in the tide rip off the Cape. We focussed our glasses and could plainly see the cows and calves and bulls all whiskered and armed with glistening white ivory tusks of lengths corresponding with their sizes, floating on the surface or diving for the clams which furnish their chief food. The old bulls made a fine spectacle as they raised their scarred heads above the water, the great tusks

thrown forward, and then turned over like porpoises, the hind flippers being the last thing seen as they disappeared in clouds of spray, only to come to the surface a little later exhaling jets of moisture like spouting whales. The day was calm and beautiful and the sea oily smooth.

Our native crew hustled out harpoons and tackle in a state of great excitement. They jabbered and ran about, but as we came nearer the walrus they froze in a state of tense expectancy. Taylor and I got our rifles. The men wanted the meat and we the heads for trophies. While we did not show it we too were excited. Between us was the understanding of a common heritage from Nimrod. Even Captain Thompson was betrayed by his voice. The spell of the chase had us all.

The noise of the engine alarmed the walrus and they began making off towards the north at a great rate. Before we got within sure range Queyonga and Marks could restrain themselves no longer and opened fire with their rifles. The walrus sounded and remained under water for long periods and then only showed their heads for a moment before diving again. It was both useless and cruel to shoot them anywhere but in the neck. If hit in the body they escape wounded, and if hit in the brain they commonly sink at once and are lost. Taylor and I having this in mind waited a favor-

able opportunity and between us fired only three shots. The net results was one small walrus, nine feet long and about the same in girth. This walrus, mortally wounded by neck shots was unable to dive and swam around on or near the surface. All the others had disappeared. Our Eskimos launched the dinghy in a frenzy of excitement. They had thrown in a rifle and a harpoon with a rawhide rope attached but were off before they remembered the seal skin float necessary to buoy the walrus and prevent its loss. They called "poke", "poke" and Andy threw them the float.

Queyonga stood erect in the bow. His finely developed chest and arms were bare. With every muscle tense he waited the proper moment, then launched the harpoon with deadly accuracy and stooped and threw over the poke and attached coil of thong with the continuation of the same movement. The walrus promptly disappeared in the center of a pool of bloody, churned water and the float bobbed over the surface while the oarsman retreated a little for safety's sake. These men have had unpleasant experiences with "crazy" walrus and are always prepared for attack. Several times the actions of the float indicated the walrus was moving in their direction and they retreated. This walrus, however, was not the kind to put up a fight. Before long he came to the surface ex-

hausted and was finished with a shot in the brain.

The natives are particularly on guard against yellow tusked walrus, which they say are seal eaters and to be classed with the dangerous carnivora. The percentage of casualties in walrus hunting is high, chiefly of course from drowning, but occasionally when attacking a boat a walrus actually impales a man on his tusks. At close quarters the Eskimo are wary to a degree, holding the fighting qualities and intelligence of the walrus in high respect. In contrast is their contemptuous attitude towards polar bears which they regard as stupid. Single handed an Eskimo, discarding his rifle, kills a polar bear with a lance to save the cost of a fifteen cent rifle cartridge.

When the walrus was towed alongside we hitched the foremast throat and peak halliards to the nose and flippers of the animal and with much grunting on the part of the natives and with all of us hauling on the tackle hoisted the carcass aboard. The men immediately set to work cutting him up with the result that all the meat was neatly and expeditiously enclosed in four big sacks made from the creatures skin, brailed together as mattresses are baled with thongs from the hide of a former victim. Before the job was finished we had sighted more walrus ahead.

Captain Thompson shut off the engine and un-

der foresail and jib before a good breeze which had sprung up from the south tried sailing up on these walrus. For two hours we followed just out of range, but though the wind freshened we could not overtake them. During the time we had a fine opportunity to study the animals through our glasses. It was perfectly evident they saw the schooner and were not disposed to have her approach too closely. The old bulls in particular often looked straight at us and roared before diving and when they came to the surface they were a hundred or two hundred or more yards further on. The walrus traveled in several closely related herds and there were about two hundred in all. When we found we could not overtake them with sail Captain Thompson started his engine and we quickly ran among the largest herd.

I was surprised that we got among the walrus so soon, but they had tired from their long swim and were suddenly panic stricken and helpless. Several times I could have jumped over the low rail less than four feet above the water and landed on the back of any one of a dozen animals, madly plunging and apparently unable to dive. One of these walrus either by intent or accident came in contact with the propeller of the *Trader*. If he had wished to harm us by his action he succeeded more fully than was then apparent.

We shot four walrus and then stopped as we had all that could be utilized. Had we been so inclined we could have killed many more, for the animals were winded and at our mercy. As it was we lost two of the four which sank before they could be recovered. I was fortunate in being sure that the big tusker of the two secured was one I had personally shot having kept watch until he was harpooned and saved. This walrus fought savagely and succeeded in breaking the harpoon in the middle before getting his quietus. The Eskimos were able to make fast to the other without the use of a harpoon. The big walrus had tusks 33 inches long by $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches in circumference. The tusks are symmetrical and perfect and the trophy ranks as one of the largest in the world. We hoisted the smaller of the two on board but had to give up the attempt to get the big fellow over the side. He weighed several thousand pounds and when his sixteen feet of length was lashed to the anchor butts and foremast the boat listed to starboard with every sea in response to his bulk.

At eleven that night we ran into a little bay, the first available harbor for cutting up the walrus. This bay has no known name, but it lies only a short distance south of Kanginin Bay. Before we could get well into the shelter Captain Thompson stopped the *Trader* suddenly in response to two



Reindeer Herd, the Staff of Life for Nomadic Chukchis



When the Big Walrus Broke the Harpoon



These Walrus Traveled Through the Sea at the Rate of About Four Miles an Hour

They were continually diving and reappearing, being on the surface considerably less than half the time. There were over a hundred walrus in this bunch and probably seventy-five were below the surface at the time the picture was snapped. It was a still day. The only sounds to be heard were the occasional lion-like roars of the bulls and noise of their swimming, like surf on the shore.

rifle shots fired from the shore. He remarked that someone must be firing to warn us of reefs or shoals in our course, but as he spoke two more reports rang out and two bullets whizzed close by our heads and hit the water beyond. It was evident the rifleman, whoever he might be, was doing his best to hit us. Anchor was dropped at once and we awaited further events.

Over the water sounded a long drawn "O-o-ou-ou!"

"I think," said Captain Thompson, "that is ducks, or is it a loon?"

"Him man," said Marks, "Me savvy, him drunk."

"Well, of all the dam tickets!" said the captain "why does he want to shoot at my boat?"

The Eskimo only smiled. He knew too well the effects of raw alcohol administered internally to bother with explanation. We should have gone further into the bay for better protection from rough weather, but none of us cared to be killed and stayed where we were. Our action must have satisfied the Chukchi for no more shots were fired. Though we did not know it until later the drunken native had completed the second step in the thing begun by the walrus which struck our propeller, and in due time their actions resulted in our very serious discomfiture.

The next day was ushered in by fog so dense that it was impossible to change anchorage in the bay let alone advance towards our destination at the head of the Gulf. We were alone in a limitless sea until noon when our would-be assassin came aboard in a skin boat, looking as if he had a very bad headache even if he lacked a remorseful conscience. In answer to questions insistently made as to his reason for shooting at us the savage stated that his gun was dirty and he thought a few shots would do it good. This is all the satisfaction or apology we got from this fellow who was the head deerman of the locality. Later in exchange for tea he brought us a reindeer carcass for our larder. The man was insolent and hostile in his demeanor. He said through our interpreter that he knew nothing about sheep in the mountains, and that he could furnish no men as packers, for our land trip because those not required for deer herding were engaged in walrus hunting. During the summer the natives of this locality had killed ninety walrus. No native will work when he has plenty to eat.

I am satisfied that this Chukchi Korat, or chief, had shot at us because he did not want us to enter the bay. His intoxicated condition gave him the courage to put in concrete form his natural dislike for strangers. Just north of this place at the Kanginin sand spit there is a Korat named Wairilugan

who claims ownership of the walrus herds 'that haul out on the shore. It is said that he exacts a tribute of the ivory from every walrus killed by his own Chukchis and will not permit strangers to kill them at all, the prohibition applying to natives as well as white men. These Chukchis, however, make little attempt to stop the pursuit of walrus so long as it is conducted on the high seas.

Paul Niedieck in his book tells of his visit to Holy Cross Bay in 1906 for the purpose of killing walrus and of his inability to make the "stupid" natives understand what he wanted. He failed to realize that they understood fully but enjoyed thwarting his efforts. Niedieck describes how he roared like a bull walrus and made motions to indicate the character of the animal, with the result of being led miles on wild goose chases. He got no walrus, but the Chukchis had the time of their lives, for nothing appeals quite so much to their peculiar idea of humor as putting something over on an obtuse stranger.

The walrus taken in summer further east on the south coast of the Chukotsk are supposed to be scattered individuals traveling from one feeding ground to another or else on their way to the ice floes north of Bering Strait. It is only in foggy weather that walrus enter the deeper bays. An important aid to their capture is a pliant strip of

whalebone three or four feet in length attached to a short wood or bone handle. Each time the walrus comes to the surface for air the water is slapped with these implements so as to frighten the animal and make it dive without filling its lungs. The walrus is thus harried by men in boats until finally it becomes winded and falls an easy prey.

In the evening it began drizzling but the barometer showed no marked change and we felt confident the fog would raise on the morrow sufficiently to permit us to continue our voyage. When we retired about midnight the wind had freshened from the northeast and the rain was falling in torrents.

Captain Thompson got no sleep that night. At one-thirty there was a considerable increase in the wind and at five it was blowing a gale from the open gulf. Had the *Trader* been a quarter mile further within the bay the shore line would have given protection and there would have been no cause for anxiety, but as it was her position soon became untenable. About five o'clock I was awakened from a sound sleep by the sound of the starting of the engine. For a long while the men were busy with the windlass getting up the anchors. Next came an interval while the engine chugged at maximum revolution. Then, and I had a premonition just as a man when falling antici-

pates the shock to come, we scraped something, a man shouted, and the *Trader* jarred crazily as she crashed on the bottom. When I got my head above the companionway the schooner was fast and hard, in the surf on a lea shore.

Less sturdily constructed vessels would soon have broken up and become total wrecks had they been subjected to the pounding we endured. Our former boat the *Wislow* would not have lasted five minutes. The *Trader*, however, was not built for summer seas but to resist just such buffets, whether given by sand bars, reefs or ice. Other points in her favor, none of which were accidental were her light draft, proportionately much greater aft than forward and the very flat run of her bottom. These combined factors kept the *Trader* on a level keel, end on to the sea and inside the heaviest break of the surf. Boats of this type are designed for just such contingencies. At times their Captains deliberately run them on the shore to escape greater perils of the sea. The main thing we had to worry about now was how to get off when the fury of the storm was over.

Captain Thompson came down into the fore-castle, the only dry part of the boat, for a cup of coffee and told us what the hostile walrus had accomplished. We already knew the Chukchi's part in our discomfiture. When Thompson had decided

we would be swamped if he did not get to safer anchorage he sent Tiyo and Queyonga forward to raise the anchors and with Marks at the wheel went below to make sure the engine did not go dead at a critical moment. Thompson ran the *Trader* slowly ahead until the anchor was catted and then threw on full speed and thought he had it. Marks said nothing though he could see that the boat was gaining no headway. He did not realize that the walrus' attack on the propeller had loosened the clutch and that it was slipping. The anchors were lashed when there came the cyclonic blast that swept the vessel into the breakers.

We drank our coffee while the schooner pounded and the waves swept over her stern. Taking stock of the things for which we had to be thankful we first noted that it was not a rocky shore on which we were stranded. If we had to be wrecked we could not have selected a better place than this low, gravel spit. Our chances for getting off were much better than if the wind had been from the south instead of from the north. The south wind would have landed us high and dry on the crest of a tidal wave, whereas the north wind was blowing all the water out of the gulf into Bering Sea with no such maximum. Captain Thompson remarked that without any timbers for building ways and no suitable tackle it would be very

difficult to get the *Trader* off, as by reason of her solid construction she was extremely heavy. He said that since he weathered the Chinese typhoon that carried away the water front of Nome in 1913 he had not seen such wind. Marks coming in for his coffee gave color to the conversation by remarking that it was a long way to walk home. The crew had made up their minds the schooner was on land for good and all.

Meanwhile the *Trader* drove higher on the beach with the rising tide, while we discussed ways and means for getting her off. My copy of the Asiatic Pilot gave 9 hours and 40 minutes as the time the tide runs out under normal conditions which would leave about three hours for it to come in. High tide we thought would be about 10 A.M. and we judged the rise of the tide to be between eight and nine feet. We had three long handled shovels and a pick on the boat. With the *Trader's* light draft in our favor we would have between four and five hours on a tide to dig her out and make a channel to float the vessel when the tide came in. There was nearly three quarters of a ton of gasoline aboard and two and a half tons of walrus meat beside other things which could be taken off to lighten her. Our getting off then was simply a question of time and favorable weather conditions.

We were bound to be cheerful despite the fact

that Captain Thompson told of the occasion when in company with Chechako Anderson he was wrecked on St. Lawrence Island and wintered in an underground native house at Kukuluk after clearing the place of the skeletons of its former occupants who had perished from starvation. The captain went on deck again and Andy and I turned in and completed our sleep. If the boat went to pieces we would be in better condition to meet the situation if thoroughly rested. The stern of the *Trader* where the crew slept in the engine room was catching the chief brunt of the storm. The combined cabin and galley in the forecastle which we occupied was perfectly dry.

In 1916 Captain Thompson was caught in the ice off Russian Spit near Anadir in July and was forced to run ashore to save his vessel. At the same time and place Olaf Swenson with the *Belvedere* was caught and trapped in the ice for nineteen days. The Lutheran missionaries, returning from their unsuccessful trip to Anadir, said that Kresta Gulf was full of ice on July 26. Such evidence would justify the American soldier's remark that Siberia has two seasons, August and winter.

Soon after we stuck an anchor had been dropped as an extra insurance to keep the *Trader* stern on to the sea. It had not been necessary, however, to taughen the cable because the natural slope of



Native in White Stalking Walrus on Ice Floes

Along the coast the walrus are more often shot from the ambush afforded by stone blinds



Landing Our Malodorous Cargo of Walrus Meat at Emma Harbor

The sacks are of walrus hide and so is the boat. The harpoon is tipped with walrus ivory.
Thus the poor animal contributes to its demise.



The *Trader* Shipwrecked in an Unnamed Bay just South of Kaningan Bay

Low tide after the storm

the beach kept the boat from broaching to. As the tide approached its maximum, we pounded over a part of the bar and for a moment were afloat over a depression before grounding on the opposite side. We would have snubbed the boat there had it been possible but it was perfectly evident that the anchor would not hold. Behind our new position only a few yards away was a deep water lagoon free from surf, and as it had a channel opening to the sea we devoutly hoped we would be driven into it so that after the storm abated we would have a way of getting out, but just before our vessel reached it the tide changed and began to fall. Soon the *Trader* rested easily except for the racking caused by wind blasts against masts and rigging. In time the anchor with forty fathoms of cable attached appeared and at extreme low tide the schooner was fully three hundred feet from the water. Taylor and I went ashore and walked across the spit to the Bering Sea side, and then returned to the *Trader*. At times we were nearly blown from our feet. The whole bay was lashed to fury and looked like Lachine Rapids.

Taking advantage of the cessation from pounding on the bottom, I wrote my diary. While engaged in this peaceful occupation I was unpleasantly aroused by yells from the Korat who had shot at us two days before and who had come

aboard again crazed, and apparently determined to make trouble. Reaching the companionway and getting down on hands and knees he addressed to Marks who was sitting across from me many "Cocqueates" and "Corrums," all shouted at the top of his lungs. Marks grinned sheepishly and made no reply. The Korat's lips were ashen gray, his eyes had a wild light, and he was not pleasant to look at. I thought to myself that I would dislike to kill an insane man, but that it might have to be done.

Returning to my occupation I wrote a few sentences in my note book when suddenly I felt the Korat's fingers in my hair. Jumping up I threw him back. Another Chukchi who had accompanied him pulled at the Korat and the crew took a hand. They had it all over the deck. For such a miserable looking specimen the man certainly put up a good fight. Finally they threw him off the boat and he was led away some distance down the beach. I had just comfortably started writing again when there was a repetition of the yells. Thompson asked Tiyo what the Korat was saying, "Him come back," said Tiyo, "Him say he shoot."

"You go to that man," said Thompson, "and tell him to go home and go to bed."

Thompson sent Marks and Queyonga to help Tiyo and we were not further troubled that night.

My diary contains the entry, "These Chukchis apparently make 'hootch' every other day and get drunk at similar intervals. We should have a quiet day tomorrow." I was wrong in one respect as we found later on. It was something more powerful than "hootch" that affected the Korat, a drug of the power of hashish.

On August 22 it was still blowing a gale but the wind was not nearly so cyclonic as the previous day. At 2:30 P.M. the wind shifted into the east and momentarily decreased in force. The atmosphere became brilliantly clear and we had a wonderful view of the fine mountains to the north and west culminating in the peak of Matasingi. In the evening the wind died away with a sigh and when the stars came out they were reflected from a glassy sea.

Taylor and I returning from a walk in the early afternoon told Captain Thompson that the time had come to make ready to get the *Trader* afloat on the high tide due at midnight. At first the Captain demurred saying that we could work to better advantage in the daylight. He admitted however that we would in all likelihood have a perfect night and an exceptionally high tide also that one could not count upon any very long continuance of ideal conditions in the Chukotsk. In the end he agreed to make the attempt, and set the men at work dig-

ging the gravel away from the vessel and getting out another anchor.

At eleven o'clock we were all on deck watching the dark water slipping oilily by with just a touch of phosphorescence where it encountered the friction of the *Trader's* hull. When one of the men sounded the depth with a pole the water became alive with liquid fire. The tropics have nothing over the north in this respect. At 11:30 P.M. we pulled at the anchors with the result that they moved toward us while the schooner remained stationary. Our marks showed plainly that we were getting a much higher tide than we had dared hope for. All the neighboring part of the sand spit was submerged and the lagoon united with the sea. There was no place to jettison our dead weight, but we hastily lowered the small boat and filled it with cases of gasoline. Then we tried the anchor again and this time it was the schooner which moved. There could be no mistake about it. Her bow swung slowly toward the open roadstead and with some of us working the windlass and others pushing with poles her stern left the treacherous embrace of the shingle and the *Trader* once more was free.

We left the scene of the shipwreck the fourth day after our unpleasant reception by the Korat. Marks reported that the natives had seen two bears

on the tundra which here stretches away for many miles to the northeast, unbroken so far as the eye can reach except for two or three small detached groups of hills in the distance. Apparently there is a topographic division here of sufficient importance to separate the sheep of the peninsula from those of the mainland. We paid no attention to the bears for we had already seen all we cared to of that locality.

It was a day of ideal loveliness. The sea was smooth and the sky blue. The air was so mild that coats and sweaters were discarded. The tide was favorable and with the four cylinders of the engine firing regularly the *Trader* slipped rapidly along the eastern shore of Kresta Gulf. We lounged happily on deck and drank in the beauty of the surroundings. Over a low gravel spit to our right could be seen the considerable expanse of Kanginin Bay, a very shallow body of water full of reefs and islands and with low shores. Judging by the line of flotsam on the beach the high tide that day did not reach within eighteen inches of the flood tide of the previous night. If we had not taken advantage of that particular tide, the chances are the schooner never would have been floated.

Marks, who was always on the lookout for sea game, broke the spell with the exclamation, "I-evuk!" Then for our benefit he added "Walrus,

great plenty, all the same reindeer." He was looking toward the further end of the spit. We turned our glances in the direction but could see nothing more than hummocks of sand and grass above high water mark. We told Marks no walrus were there, but the Eskimo only smiled. Ten minutes passed and then Captain Thompson casually asked "What is all that——way off at the end of the spit?" We looked again and saw the semblance of a herd of elephants, the gleam of ivory and scores and scores of great brown bodies thickly grouped basking in the sunlight. It was a veritable mountain of walrus there on the end of the sand spit, and a sight to stir the blood.

As we drew closer the Eskimos betrayed every symptom of excitement shown by a terrier when he sees a rat. Naturally they wanted to kill, but the supply of meat already secured was ample for their needs. My temptation was to land and stalk the walrus with a camera. I almost succumbed, but then decided that as the limit of our time in Siberia was drawing near and the days one could sail or hunt were so few this pleasure must be sacrificed to the paramount issue of securing mountain sheep.

The walrus saw us and began piling off the spit into the water. Spray flew and the sea was churned. It is surprising how effective such unwieldy creatures can move on land. I snapped a

number of photographs but the range was too great for anything but a good telephoto. I thought of George Pratt and wished he might have been there with plenty of time to stalk and take moving pictures of these interesting creatures. Billy Beach would have enjoyed such an opportunity. Then I thought of Norman McClintock who, with his marvelous long range lens, could have secured fine results from the schooner itself, for there was no swell to roll the vessel and the light conditions were perfect. I hope some day one of these men will go to Kresta Gulf and secure a series that will perpetuate the life history of this huge animal. There is probably no other place which affords equal opportunity.

The St. Lawrence Island Eskimos told me that the previous summer at the Punuk Islands they found four walrus which had been killed by the stampeding of the herd. I looked here for dead or disabled animals on the beach and was surprised to see none. In the rout they appeared to be piled several deep. The larger bulls had climbed rough shod over the others and it seemed a miracle that all had escaped.

The herd traveled north directly in our course. From time to time bulls roared their displeasure as we followed. There were some wonderful sets of tusks in evidence, but we could not sacrifice these

great creatures merely for the sake of the trophies. The noise of their swimming sounded like the steady roll of the surf on the shore. Our pace was too fast for them and they began breaking up into smaller groups. Taylor called attention to an animal which appeared woolly by reason of a considerable covering of hair. It came up once just under the *Trader's* bowsprit and as it dove we saw it quite plainly through the clear water only a few feet away. When talking of its odd appearance to Captain Thompson later he said it was probably a sea lion, as these animals are occasionally found in the gulf in company with walrus.

Night brought us to a protected cove in Etelkuyum Bay and, as we lay at anchor with the mountains of this lovely fiord reflected in its tranquil waters, Thompson, with a sigh of satisfaction at the contrast from the stress of the previous days said, "Give the old *Trader* credit! She knows a thing or two; she knew when to go on shore and she knew when to come off!"

CHAPTER XXIII

MATASINGI

“MOUNT MATACHINGIA at the northern end of Holy Cross Bay is remarkable and distinguished from all other mountains here by its elevation as well as by its somber and rugged flanks. Its height is estimated to be 9,180 feet.” This statement, couched in such words, from the otherwise technically prosy Asiatic Pilot had fascinated Taylor and myself from the moment we read it, weeks before. Here was a great unknown mountain on the Arctic Circle towering above its fellows, with rugged flanks that might well offer a safe retreat to mountain sheep from the insatiate rifles of the Chukchis. We had singled it out from a wild sea of lesser peaks and ridges miles away when we first entered Kresta Gulf. Now the time was fast approaching when we would attack its frowning heights and explore its hidden basins!

The charting of Kresta Gulf is extremely sketchy. Von Klist, the former Russian Governor of the Chukotsk, who probably knew more about this coast than any other man was himself ship-

wrecked on an unmarked reef in Etelkuyum Bay for which we were now heading. Captain Thompson had never sailed so far. It behooved us, therefore, to proceed cautiously. One moment we studied the shoreline with glasses and the next the chart with the result that we found the chart very confusing. Two points not shown on the chart for a long time cut off our view of Egvs skinot Bay. All that the Asiatic Pilot has to say about this bay is that on the day observed, September 10, it was covered with ice. We were almost in the bay before we had optical evidence of its existence. The inner end was ice locked.

A native appeared walking along the gravel spit on the east bending beneath a heavy pack. We steered toward him to get information, but instead of waiting he quickened his pace and disappeared in the low hills. Our Eskimos laughed. "Him no want bread," said Marks. "Plenty grub, no hungry."

Mount Matasingi, spelled as the natives pronounce the name, is wrongly placed on the charts with reference to the two northerly forks of Kresta Gulf. The charts show it as rising almost directly from the waters of the upper end of the left fork, Etelkuyum Bay. It is nearer Egvs skinot Bay, but the lay of the land makes it easier to approach from the first named bay. Its summit is fully fif-

teen miles north of Etelkuyum Bay and three or four miles east of the position given on the chart. It is probable that the mountain is five miles north of the Arctic Circle instead of a similar distance south.

Searching for an easier approach to Matasingi we entered Etelkuyum Bay, a stately fiord, also ice locked in its upper reaches. It is likely that the ice never entirely leaves these waters. We sighted four native yarongas on the inner end of a gravel spit at the east side, and as the point enclosed a safe harbor we sailed around it and anchored in the cove behind at four in the afternoon. A small skin boat put out to the *Trader* with three old men and one younger and we found that the place was called Witwayra and that there was a route from a point further up the bay direct to the big mountain.

We immediately set about hiring men for packers, but we were told that nothing could be accomplished until the return of the Korat whose name was Erulkin. Erulkin owned the skin boat necessary for the navigation of the shallow waters at the upper end of the fiord and for practical purposes he owned the men as well. They were his serfs dependent on him for their livelihood and they would make no agreements to serve us without his consent. Lacking Erulkin's favor they would

starve as he possessed the reindeer herd of that place and the right to the grazing grounds acquired by hereditary succession. The feudal system of the Chukchis is in strong contrast with the communal plan of their neighbors the Eskimos.

We asked where Erulkin might be and the answer as interpreted came that he "was busy being drunk." Further questioning proved, however, that Tiyo who was doing the translating was slightly mixed. Erulkin was not then drunk but was off in the mountains looking up the where-withal for a debauch. Pursuing the line of inquiry we uncovered the interesting information that the object of his quest was toadstools. This recalled a passage from Bush's "Reindeer, Dogs and Snowshoes in Siberia" which describes the use of a kind of fungus for making an intoxicating liquor by the Koraks above the head of Okhotsk Sea. Bush says it is a poisonous toadstool called "muck-a-moor" which is also used for exterminating vermin, and that its scarcity and consequent costliness places it beyond the reach of the poorer people, but that they also get drunk in a manner too disgusting to print.

The Chukchis said that instead of making a liquor from the toadstools, the fungi were dried and powdered and thus consumed. Joe Bernard tells me the local name for the fungus is wapok. He says they also brew an intoxicating liquor from

another plant which has a daisy-like flower. No doubt the chief who made the trouble at the time of our shipwreck was a toadstool eater. Known victims of the habit whom we saw have the expression of drug fiends. Though the species has a wide distribution in the northern hemisphere toadstools here are equally scarce and high priced as in the locality of which Bush wrote more than a thousand miles away. Before leaving for Matasingi we commissioned Captain Thompson to purchase specimens but on our return were disappointed to find he had not secured the toadstools. He said Erulkin had just three in his possession and that he asked a box of rifle cartridges for each. "You should have paid the cartridges," I said. "But consider," replied Thompson. "Rifle cartridges here represent three dollars in trade. We are buying reindeer from these people for a dollar and a half a piece. It is not right to give the price of two reindeer for one toadstool!" Thompson, it will be recollected, was one-quarter Scotch. Erulkin by this time had left for the Anadir valley, and we secured no specimens.

Erulkin was a very unlovely character. He had succeeded in getting Captain Thompson to pay him in advance the wages of three packers for two weeks but only one man materialized when we were ready to start and this man deserted the second

day. One of the covenants of the bargain was that we were to make an early start in the morning and with this end in view our packers were to have breakfast with us on the schooner. At 8 A. M. on August 24 Erulkin and the one packer, Nanoutdite, whose name means "to make ready" appeared. We were prepared to start but the Korat sat around and talked and drank our tea and ate our food and smoked our tobacco and Make Ready as became a good retainer laughed at his jokes. These jokes I have no doubt had to do with the master's acumen in getting pay without furnishing its equivalent. After two hours of this pleasant pastime Erulkin announced he would go back to his yaronga for more "chi" or tea, and that Make Ready would go with him. It was useless to remonstrate. We finally left the ship at 11:45 A. M.

We rowed up the bay four miles to the west side of the first large valley running north and left the boat near two native houses. The sea is very shallow here and except at high tide a landing on hard ground would be difficult even with the light draught skin boats. The men put down their packs and entered one of the yarongas. They invited us to have tea with them but we refused. Captain Thompson had very kindly loaned Tiyo from his crew to assist with the packing. Tiyo is a Chukchi brought up with the Eskimos at Emma Harbor.

He proved to be a good packer and of value also as an interpreter. Native habitations here as in the interior of the peninsula were covered with reindeer skins hair side out in place of the walrus hide used further east along the coast. Leaning against the huts or stacked behind under deer skin coverings were twenty-odd reindeer sledges, strongly but clumsily constructed of drift wood from the forests of the upper Anadir River.

For an hour Taylor and I lay on the ground basking in the warm sunshine waiting for our packers to appear. Overhead white clouds floated lazily in a sky of the deepest blue, but there was a suspicious haze on the mountains. Taylor remarked that the barometer had fallen several points during the night, but it was not easy to believe a storm was impending.

When at last the men came out they seemed greatly refreshed. Make Ready lifted his eighty-pound pack from the ground with one hand and slung it over his head. Despite the fact that his hair was parted in the middle and braided in pig-tails behind each ear, there was nothing effeminate in the man's character or physique. He stood six feet two in his moccasins and was as clean limbed as a race horse with the chest of a Centaur. With us he was taciturn and at times insolent. Erulkin said Make Ready had killed four sheep on Mata-

singi the first month when there was no night, probably June. Make Ready was to assist us in locating sheep but this was another part of the bargain which was never fulfilled. I do not doubt that Make Ready killed the sheep for there is a herd around Matasingi, more in numbers than in the whole Chukotsk Peninsula. From this place westward through the Stanavoi mountains sheep in general are fairly abundant. Most of the country is too high for reindeer, and therefore unattractive to the nomads who own them and being uninhabited the sheep are comparatively unmolested.

We started off at a good pace and traveled up the valley for two hours with only one short rest. Matasingi reared its fine mass straight ahead blocking the end of the valley. The mist around its summit changed as we looked to ominous clouds. Stopping for lunch in a patch of willows Make Ready left us. Unlike the peninsula proper this country has willows in all the lower valleys, some of them shoulder high and thick as a man's forearm. The dead ones make excellent firewood. There is also a shrub with buttercup like flowers that is used as fuel.

Make Ready was gone a long time up an unusually green valley which pastured a herd of reindeer. When he returned he was accompanied by one of the nasty-laughing type of Chukchis who



Wild Chukchi Deer Men, Etelknyum Bay

These natives are pure stock free from the taint of other blood. The beard on the old man in the center is therefore remarkable. Chukchis and Eskimos of pure stock have little or no hair on their faces or bodies. The last thing in the world a trader would take to the Chukotsk is a razor were it not for the fact that the majority of the native men shave their heads. Those who do not, wear pigtails.



Erulkin, Korat of Witwayra, at Oars of Skin Boat

He is the chief, who got his deer herd and grazing grounds by hereditary succession. The other people here are his henchmen and owe their livelihood to him. Erulkin is a bad actor, treacherous, dishonest and a toad-stool eater

proved to be the local chief. This man after helping himself to our tea and hardtack without the formality of an invitation informed us through Tiyo that we could not travel in his valley or hunt on his mountains unless we gave him one of our rifles as tribute.

I refused the demand with some pretty strong language thrown in for emphasis. The north wind blew in gusts from the mountains and rain began to fall. The natives donned their raincoats, Tiyo's of walrus intestines and the others of oiled deer skins. Make Ready also drew on waterproof leggings reaching to the crotch. He then announced that he was going back to Witwayra.

There was a long discussion. Tiyo translated that if we killed the sheep on the mountains the chief might go hungry, but from the man's insolent laugh it was evident he feared no such eventuality. His reindeer herds in the valley above were a sufficient guarantee that he did not believe what he was saying. It was a typical Chukchi joke and as such accepted by Make Ready and by Tiyo also I regret to add. The rain was now coming down in torrents and Taylor and I were very wet. My raincoat was on St. Lawrence Island where Sipula no doubt thought it would be safer than in Siberia. The packers refused to move without the Korat's permission. At this juncture Taylor suggested

that we might give the chief a .22 calibre rifle in our outfit on the schooner for which we had no further use. I authorized Tiyo to convey the information to the Korat with the reservation that he would get no rifle if I got no sheep. The Korat refused the offer no doubt thinking he had us at his mercy.

We were mad enough to hit the man but it seemed the part of wisdom to make one more attempt through the channel of diplomacy. Very patiently I told Tiyo to tell him. "White men say, they go to mountain." After a pause I added "White men say, you go to ———!" Next I told Tiyo that he would get in trouble if he did not accompany us. When he had absorbed the thought I had him convey the same information to Make Ready. Andy and I slipped on our packs. The Korat jabbered and laughed, but this time the packers did not join in with him and he had it all to himself. We started towards Matasingi and tardily and with many backward glances the packers followed. The Korat's influence was broken for the time being.

Tiyo tried several times to get us to make camp before we accepted his statement, "No more wood" and stopped at 8 p. m. about eight miles from the sea and three from the base of Matasingi. We had walked nearly four hours and talked or waited an

equal time. It was raining too hard to make a fire so we dined on cold beans and hardtack.

In the morning the men deserted. We made no objection despite the agreement that Make Ready was to hunt with us, for both Taylor and I preferred to hunt alone. With the men I sent a note to Captain Thompson telling him we should not need the packers until after three perfectly clear hunting days had passed. All day it rained and the little river in front of our tent became a murky torrent. We had hard tack and raisins and figs for lunch, but in the evening Taylor went out in the wet and got a willow fire going through necromancy and we had hot rice and tea. With "moss" for fuel this would not have been possible.

It rained and sleeted and blew a gale that night and all next day. Our matches accumulated so much moisture from the atmosphere that they would not light unless dried by bodily heat, so we kept them in our shirt pockets. Through occasional rifts in the clouds we could see fresh snow on the mountains, which, however, warm air currents removed later from the southern exposures. The next day it also rained though late in the afternoon the downpour abated until it was only a drizzle. Taylor and I walked to the base of Matasingi and looked over its lower slopes with our glasses but saw no game. Earlier in the day a Chukchi crept

along the opposite side of the river and from the shelter of the bank of one of the channels spied on our camp for some time. Several days later when Andy made a trip out for supplies he saw two of the natives sneak to an ambush in his route half a mile ahead where they crouched in the willows while he passed. It was perfectly evident the Chukchis did not like our presence in the country and would have potted us had they dared.

CHAPTER XXIV

WIND AND STORM

AUGUST twenty-eighth was the fifth consecutive day of bad weather, though in the forenoon there was a lull in the storm and we had a few comparatively dry hours until one in the afternoon when it began again. The fog, however, disappeared except for a bank which shrouded the northeast shoulder of Matasingi. Taylor and I took advantage of the opportunity to hunt the mountain.

If, as seems probable, the height of Matasingi has been overestimated the explanation is no doubt to be found in the fact that the top is almost constantly cloud capped. During the twelve days we were near the mountain we had very few glimpses of the summit. I have an idea that when the Russians who made the observation from the sea saw the mountain its summit was thus hidden and that they assumed it was a symmetrical peak. If this were the fact it would reach the 9180 feet with which it is credited. The top of the mountain however is broken off. Both sides as seen from the sea rise regularly to a height which from the time

it takes to make the climb I should judge to be something over six thousand feet. Then the sharp rise terminates in a narrow, east and west ridge which breaks precipitously on both sides, there being an old crater basin on the north. I do not think the extreme height of the mountain is more than seven thousand feet above sea level. I am sorry that I did not take aneroid readings to establish the fact as I was twice very close to the summit, but everything else had to be sacrificed to the paramount issue of securing sheep and the handicap of the few ounces of extra weight of the instrument had to be eliminated.

Make Ready had hunted once since killing the sheep in June without getting any. Knowing the prowess of these men as stalkers and mountaineers the prospect for our success did not seem so rosy as when we had fancied this locality to be too inaccessible and rough to be inhabited by man. Taylor elected to hunt the west side of the mountain while I took the east.

The river was a raging torrent and unfordable where the water was confined in a single channel. I crossed not without difficulty where it was divided in six streams at the glacier which lies at the foot of the mountain. Climbing a bench to the right I gained a side glacier which fills a depression and followed this up three miles to the height of land

on the east side of Matasingi. When the grade is not too abrupt the walking on these glaciers is much better than over the slide rock found on the lower slopes of the mountains.

At the head of the glacier there was a gorgeous rainbow color effect, a field of rosy snow bordered by vivid green ice with intermediate blues and purples in the shadows. No chromo was ever painted in more glaring colors, but nature does not make the mistakes of man and the effect was harmonious and beautiful. Red snow is common in this country. It appears to be colored by a cinabar dust blown from the mountains and not by the ordinary vegetable microorganism. The stream that rises beyond the divide flows north, then east, then south into Egvskinot Bay. On a moraine near by sheep had fed and their trail over a slide of decomposed rock was still visible showing where they had gone off on the run up the mountain side. I think these were sheep which had been frightened by Make Ready at the time of his last hunt.

I followed the sheep tracks high up on Matasingi into the gloom of the fog. Progress was made difficult by the presence of numbers of ice slides too precipitous to be safely crossed which often involved long detours. At times, however, I succeeded in crossing them by chipping footholds with

sharp fragments of rock. The climbing was heart-breaking because short of the summits of the upper ridges most of the ascent must be made over slide rock so steep that as one climbs it is constantly settling down and carrying him backward. Everything is unstable and one must be on the alert to avoid dislodging the larger rocks above and so starting an avalanche which might overwhelm him. I hunted until six o'clock without seeing another sign of sheep and then made a quick return to camp by the glacier route. Taylor found many sheep beds on his side of the mountain but no fresh signs. The west side of Matasingi is the more favorable for mountain sheep, as there is better feed and better protection than on the bleaker eastern and northern slopes.

It rained again that night but the wind changed later to the north and the morning gave promise of clear weather. We both wanted to hunt further north than we had yet been and started in similar directions to those taken the previous day. Neither, however, found any particular encouragement in the hunt nor did we see any fresh sheep sign. It was my intention to follow the long ridge running north from the east corner of the mountain as this ridge gave access to mountains beyond where it seemed the sheep which had escaped Make Ready's rifle might have sought refuge, but in this I was



When This Picture was Taken Nanoutdite, the Subject, was, as Nearly as
can be Judged, Standing Upon the Arctic Circle and Only a Short
Distance to the Right of the 180th Meridian where One Gains or
Loses a Day According to the Direction in which He
Travels when Crossing It.

Nanoutdite is a Chukchi, whose name means "To make ready." He was well over six
feet in height, and very powerful.



A Chukchi Yaronga near Etelkuyum Bay at the Head of Holy Cross Gulf

The covering of the hut is reindeer skins. Twenty sleds were leaning against the yaronga or piled behind. Shortly after the picture was taken the occupants of this and a neighboring hut packed their belongings on the sleds and with reindeer as the motive power started on a migration to the valley of the Anadir River a hundred miles away.

not successful. To gain elevation without being blocked by ice slides I began the ascent from a point south of the highest part of the glacier.

With each foot of the ascent the force of the wind became more apparent. The sky spurted blasts of ice particles that cut like flint sand. Snow and rocks alike were glassy with new ice. With rifle slung on my back and crawling on hands and knees in the lee of the rock spines of the upper mountain I gained a point near the summit. The desired ridge was easily accessible but I could not face the volleys of frozen sleet catapulted from the north, and had the attempt been made I should probably have been hurled to death by the wind. For five hours I waited, nearly frozen, hoping the wind would slacken, but nothing of the kind happened. The country below was invisible. At six o'clock I had to give it up and return to camp.

Four times during the day it was necessary to stop in the shelter of the rocks to sew up rips in my moccasins to keep from going barefoot. It was a chilling and uncomfortable experience. To date I had worn out three pairs of civilized footgear and one pair of native manufacture. I was now wearing a pair of mukluk seal moccasins with double soles and grass padding. This gear is light and, except for the danger of stubbing one's toes, very comfortable so long as the grass stays in place,

but the grass when wet has a nasty habit of working to the front of the moccasins and then one's heels suffer. I noticed that most of the natives who have traveled in the mountains have ugly cuts on their feet and deformed toes from injuries received as a result of wearing this kind of footgear. The moccasins also had the defect of becoming sleazy when wet and must be fastened very tightly to the foot to keep in shape, nor will they "bind" to a slanting rock surface so well as rubber.

On the whole, however, for climbing I prefer moccasins to the commonly used hob-nailed leather shoes. The weight of the latter is against them. Each ounce added to one's feet means some hundreds of yards less ground covered during the day. Moreover, I have never worn hobs long enough to get accustomed to them. The soles to hold the hobs are necessarily so much thicker than ordinary shoes that in making jumps, unless with a conscious allowance, the hobs hit too soon and in bad climbing this slight error may easily result disastrously. I always take hob-nailed shoes with me on mountain trips but when the time comes for using them have uneasy qualms and put on something else. I have no bone to pick, however, with those who find the nail studded shoes to their liking.

My favorite footgear for the north is the rubber bottomed shoe-pacs with soft leather tops. I want

them light and to protect the foot wear a leather insole inside. With such footgear I have absolute confidence in any kind of climbing except on slanting ice. For glaciers one should be provided with heavy steel sandal-like creepers that can be quickly strapped on over the rubbers. I found the native mukluk boots which can be gotten any height a great convenience for use in fording streams. They are extremely light and roll up into such small compass they can easily be carried in the game pocket of one's coat, or separately in side pockets. Mine were made large enough to go on over shoes.

CHAPTER XXV

HUNTING THE CRATER MOUNTAIN

AUGUST thirtieth was too foggy to hunt. It also rained in the morning. At four in the afternoon two of the *Trader's* crew, Marks and Tiyo, reached our camp having come for the purpose of packing the outfit back to the schooner. While we had not had a single good day in the week they reported that at Witawyra fifteen miles away there had been three perfectly clear days. There appears to be at this time of year more fog and storm at the higher altitudes where the sheep range than at sea level.

The rain having ceased I took a five hour walk accompanied by Marks who was curious to see the country, up the valley running west from a point half a mile north of our camp. At the head of this valley in a setting of austere barrenness is a great rugged volcanic mountain above six thousand feet in height with wild glacial lakes around its base. Here I found old sign of both bear and sheep. We climbed a short distance up a knife blade ridge between two craters and I was amused to note the

frightened expression on the Eskimo's face as he looked into the void below. He soon had enough of the experience and started back toward more level ground crouching and hanging on with his hands whenever possible and showing every evidence of alarm and horror.

Marks and Tiyo were supposed to have brought us extra supplies. It is true they arrived with an unbroken box of hardtack and other things but for breakfast on the thirty-first they ate the last of the food they had brought. Tiyo had a particularly gluttonous appetite. Of the substantial things Taylor and I had left only potatoes for one meal and a similar amount of rice and four hardtack. It was raining a little and quite foggy but we determined to have one more hunt. We sent the men back to the schooner telling them to return the following day part way up the valley as we would break camp and pack the outfit to meet them. It seemed that the extreme limit to which our time could be extended had been reached. Taylor hunted directly west from camp over the mountains while I followed the route taken with Marks the previous day.

The Crater Mountain is just a shell of jagged ridges with the main substance eaten out by extinct volcanoes. It had two great craters on its eastern side, the largest of which is four miles in

diameter, and one at the south, all three containing lakes. There is also a crater-like depression on the west, but on account of the fog I could not see if this also contained a lake. The northernmost of the lakes thaws out and was open water, the next was about half filled with ice, while the southern lake, shadowed by an overhanging mountain, was still solidly frozen and never is open.

Each of the craters has its glacier and from them ice slopes extend upward in the depressions to the neighboring summits. Following a faint sheep path on the perilously narrow ridge between the easterly craters I came to a hidden basin behind and to the right of the glacier above the second lake and here I found the perfectly fresh sign of a big ram.

Just then a vagrant breeze dissipated the fog momentarily and most of the basin was visible. I searched it carefully with my glasses and as no sheep was to be seen concluded the ram had finished his grazing and was lying down among the rock pinnacles of some one of the flanking ridges. The air currents were rising so I kept to the highest rock. Soon the fog shut down again and at no time afterwards was it possible to see any distance. Hunting sheep under such conditions was a reckless gamble with the chances ten to one against the stalker because it was almost certain

such alert animals would be alarmed and away before they could be seen. The only sensible thing to do was to return to camp and wait for a clear day, but as this was out of the question I kept on, meanwhile hoping that conditions of visibility would improve.

The climbing grew steadily worse. There was now no sheep path or sheep sign on the crest of the ridge so I kept below it on the southern slope. The north side here was vertical and impassable for man or sheep. Near the extreme upper edge of the basin the track of the ram again appeared going up a chimney toward the summit of the mountain. The place was so steep and the stones so unstable that to preserve any degree of quiet I had to take to the rock on the left side. Stones loosened by atmospheric conditions were constantly falling at different places dislodging others in their course and often starting small avalanches down the mountain side, but had I followed the chimney the steady stream of discord that would have resulted would have been recognized by the game as a different and inharmonious note and the meagre chance for a shot would have disappeared. It was tooth and nail work. At short intervals one was confronted by vertical rock masses which could only be climbed by taking advantage of the crevices and inequalities in the surface. Foot

and hand holes were commonly filled with small stones which had to be cleared out for each step or new grip, and many of the larger rocks were unstable and tottering, requiring finesse in the way one's bodily weight was entrusted to their support. Once the muzzle of my rifle struck the cliff above and I almost lost my balance. In such climbing one has to take chances not pleasant to contemplate in retrospect.

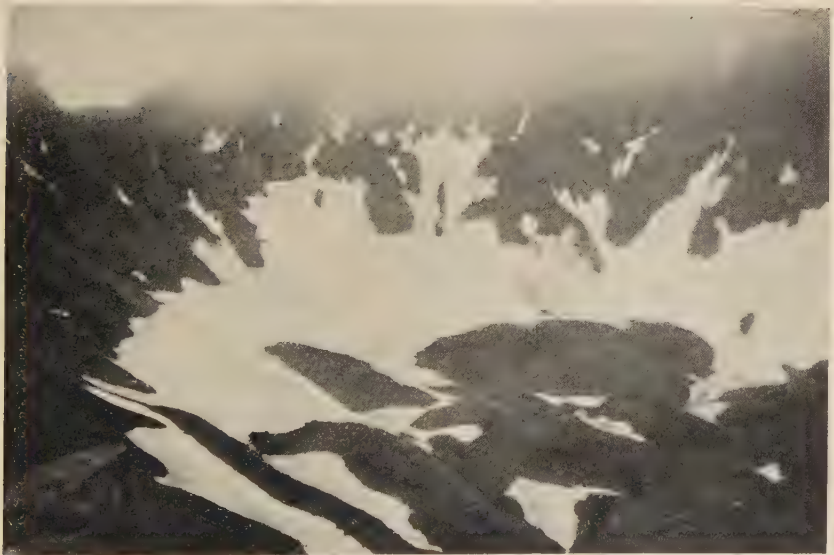
Near the summit the ram had taken to the rock and his track was temporarily lost. The grade was easy and I unslung my rifle and advanced cautiously with finger on trigger ready for a quick shot. The wind now came in my face and for the first time it really seemed that a sight of the game might be had inside the limit imposed by the fog. Then almost behind I heard the ram jump. The rocks clattered as he dislodged them in his dash around my position, but though the sheep was less than a hundred yards off with nothing substantial in the way to shield him the fog was so dense I could not see him. After the noise ceased I walked over and located the ram's tracks and was satisfied I could have killed him easily with good weather conditions.

It was useless to follow the frightened animal, and as it was already late in the day I started south on the main ridge which I knew eventually



Mount Matasingi: from Glacier at South Base

Russian chart makers surveying this mountain from the sea gave it an altitude of 9,180 feet



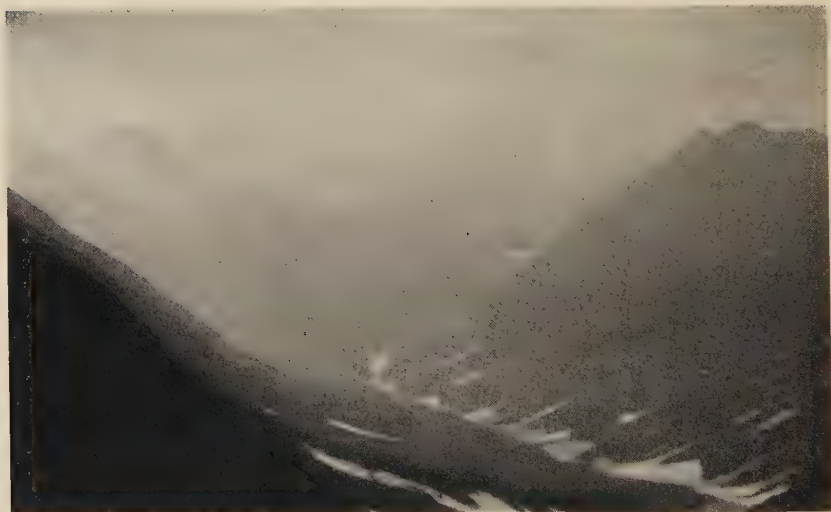
The Four Mile Glacier, Crater Mountain

The mountain itself is fog capped



Rim of the Crater in Fog

It was here that the landslide started for the bottom, a mile below



A Part of the Arctic Watershed North of Matasingi

Streams from this source flow into the Polar Ocean to the westward of Wrangell Island

curved easterly towards camp. The distance was greater than I had reckoned and the way rougher and I soon regretted that I had not returned by the way I had come. The ridge broke precipitously to cavernous depths on either side. The summit was all too often blocked by vertical monoliths flanked by ghostly ice slides. The fact that no sheep trail followed the ridge was ominous.

I came to a cluster of rocks rising like church spires a hundred feet or more in height. The ice tongue at the right was too steep to be crossed even by chipping footholds with a sharp rock. On the left was a narrow chimney dropping straight to the glacier a mile below. For the upper hundred feet it was free from ice and floored with finely disintegrated decomposed rock. Through the gloom it looked as though by descending part-way a path could be found around the obstacle.

The decomposed material had a layer of soapy slipperiness. The moment my weight was entrusted to it the whole mass began to move downward, not at first with terrifying rapidity but with a horrible inevitableness. There was no time to turn. I dug in with my rifle butt and crowded against the north wall of the chimney but could not check the descent. Stones at the front of the avalanche were bounding down toward the glacier with the speed of falling comets. I realized

vividly that I must stop before reaching the ice, if I was to live more than a few seconds longer. My past life did not flash before me—that experience is for those not used to helping themselves—what flashed was thoughts of previous solutions of similar perils and meanwhile my eyes were alert and every sense keyed to master the danger. Man would not be on the earth today if the goad of self-preservation through the centuries had not highly developed him in just this way. Then in a split second I saw my chance. The head of the ice tongue was grooved in next the wall and in the seam a rock sliver had wedged and frozen. I threw myself at it, made the tackle and hung on. It would have taken a steam shovel to have pried me loose from that grip; the slap from the tail of the avalanche seemed nothing.

When the landslide stopped I got to my feet and looked for a way to proceed. I was on the wrong side of the ice from camp and could not cross it. The rock wall above me was too steep and smooth to be climbed. The only way out of the difficulty was to ascend the same chimney down which I had catapulted. Most of the loose debris was gone and it seemed what remained must be more stable. I had to wait a while to get steadied for the attempt. When made the theory

proved to be correct as this time only a trifling part of the surface went down to the glacier.

At the top I had another bad fifteen minutes, for not being able to get around the pinnacles I had to scale them. In the end this route proved to be less difficult than it looked because the opposite side was not nearly so vertical. It is always harder to descend precipitous rock than to go up it. There were other similar experiences further on though none quite so nerve racking. It was comforting when after two miles or more of such work the ridge became broader and smoother and a sheep trail materialized. Here without previous warning I jumped two more sheep which judging from the tracks appeared to be young rams. They were within eighty yards but hidden from view by the fog, and only the clatter of the stones as they ran revealed their presence. Possibly all these sheep on the Crater Mountain had come there five miles or so from Matasingi after being scared out by Make Ready on his last hunt. The footing improved as I made my way eastward by the compass and I reached camp at 10:20 p. m. which at this time of year is an hour after dark. On the way I passed the walled-in lake of the south crater which is always frozen. Taylor had seen no sheep.

As if in irony at our defeat September first

dawned clear and cold like a November morning in the Adirondacks. After breakfast on the last of our granulated potatoes which meant the last of everything except a handful of raisins and figs and a little chocolate I made up my mind to send Taylor out for supplies and stay in another day. The challenge of a clear sky could not be disregarded even if delay meant the loss of communication with the outside world. I decided to take a chance and reached for my last pair of moccasins to sew them together for the day's hunt. Not only were the seams ripped but the bottoms of both were worn through beyond the possibility of redemption! My diary says, "This was the tragedy that terminated our hunt in the region of the big mountain," but just as I finished writing the sentence Taylor remarked that the schooner could wait and that he would go out for supplies. My eye fell on the number ten mukluks, clumsy foot-gear but capable of being padded with grass and socks to fit a number seven foot. "It's a go!" I said, to which Taylor, ever cheerful, replied, "I'll turn back the packers and be here again by the time you get in from your hunt."

The sheep on the Crater Mountain had been badly scared and had probably left that locality. There was a chance they might have returned to Matasingi or to the country beyond which we had

not yet reached. Profiting by previous experience I gained the north ridge by a route beyond the divide which avoided the ice slides. The climb was chiefly rock work and while the ascent was very steep it was not particularly difficult. Between snow squalls I had for the first time a perfect view of the country north including a part of the Arctic watershed.

In this direction the mountains are lower and less rugged. To the northwest of Matasingi is a broad valley filled with small lakes, some of which drain into a river running northwest while others have an outlet to the stream on which our camp was pitched. I think it is possible without any great difficulty to travel with horses from the head of Holy Cross Bay by the river valley, through the canyon at the west of Matasingi into this more open lake country and so on the north side of the Stanovoi Mountains to new hunting grounds to the westward. There is an unnamed moose off in this direction in the Kolyma watershed, and the valley may furnish a possible route to reach his country. That day I covered many miles but saw no sheep and only a little old sign. The next day Taylor and I packed our outfit to salt water. We had secured no specimens from Matasingi.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOMEWARD BOUND

WHEN we approached the head of Etelkuyum Bay on our return from Matasingi we saw all the reindeer of that section numbering five hundred or more rounded up near the beach. The Korat of Matasingi was killing the animals intended for his winter food supply as they are fattest at this time of the year. The meat is cut from the bones and tightly forced into skin bags, or "pokes." Later on when required for use it is eaten raw. We found a path on the seashore under the mountain at the east of the valley and while following this toward Kruzenstern Cove encountered the crew of the *Trader* returning to the vessel with heavy packs of meat and skins they had purchased. Marks had on his back a bale of twelve reindeer skins for use in the construction of a sleeping compartment in his winter hut at Emma Harbor, while Tiyo and Queyonga each carried two deer carcasses. Marks said he bought one deer for one plug of tobacco and three fathoms of calico, another for a very small kettle and a third for a cheap hand axe and

a knife. Basing the price of the goods at trader's values the average paid for the deer was \$1.50 apiece, or seventy-five cents at Nome costs.

The Chukotsk reindeer are runts and very inferior to the Alaskan animals. The carcasses the men carried did not appear larger than the big lambs found in city markets. There was only a quarter to half an inch of fat on their rumps instead of the three inches found on Alaskan reindeer in September. The peninsula is overstocked and the white moss which is their winter food is everywhere short and scanty. It is fortunate that the larger Tunguse deer from further south were introduced in Alaska as breeding stock instead of this degenerate race. The Chukotsk deer could easily have been driven across Bering Strait during a winter with suitable ice conditions and it is surprising that reindeer were not brought into Alaska by the natives in this way long before their comparatively recent importation by the Government. The reason they were not is no doubt to be found in the fact that Chukchis will not part with living reindeer to others than their own people. Nothing geographical would have prevented.

The Matasingi Korat and the Witwayra Korat were both preparing to leave the country for the Anadir River valley, in fact at this time the latter

had already begun the journey. Unless other Chukchis move in there will be no natives on Etelkuyum Bay hereafter and this may prove the salvation of the sheep of the locality. New reindeer herds, however, come into being from time to time as the result of enterprising serfs retaining alive a portion of the reindeer calves they receive for their services. Possibly Make Ready has the nucleus of a herd which he may keep on this ground. The deer reduce the herbage and the natives pull up the fuel moss and willows by the roots and the Chukotsk is constantly becoming more sterile and less capable of sustaining life. Deer cannot be wintered near the sea coast where the snow crusts and in the fall must be driven back into the interior, and the end of the feed there is already assured.

We left Witwayra at 8 A.M. on September third facing a head wind and an overcast sky. On the spit at the entrance to Kangingin Bay we again saw the large herd of walrus, but passed without disturbing them. The sea became rougher as we proceeded and on the fourth we were bucking a northeast gale which drove us considerably to the south of our course. We were twenty miles out at sea when we raised Cape Bering, and did not reach Emma Harbor until 10 P.M. on the fifth, the trip taking a day longer than if conditions had been favorable.



The Man Who Gave His Life for His Enemy

Captain Roald Amundsen near Nome in 1922

Photo by Lomen Bros.

At 10:30 on the morning of September sixth the Hudson's Bay steamer *Casco* ran into the harbor and anchored just north of the *Trader*. On board representing the company were V. W. Elphic of 1 Lime Street, London, and K. C. Skuce. They had come to bargain with Thompson for the purchase of his trading post. Thompson could not at once take us to Nome and this gave us the opportunity to hunt the country between the head of Providence and Penkegnei Bays and thus complete our reconnoissance of the Chukotsk.

Emma Harbor was covered with a thin sheet of new ice the morning of September seventh and with a late start we did not reach the head of Providence Fiord until 6:30 P.M. The *Trader* left us a skin boat and immediately returned to Emma Harbor. Taylor and I paddled ashore among darting salmon on the shallows and made camp under a diabase mountain on the right of the extreme head of the fiord. A mile below on a sand spit were Bosun's son and several families of Eskimos who intended making a pilgrimage the next day to the deermen on the Shainrock and Korook-puk Rivers. There are two well traveled native routes starting from this place to the interior.

We were rewarded that evening by securing the weathered skull of a winter killed ram, with horns attached, which is of value as corroborative evi-

dence to our other specimens. The manner in which it was secured furnishes an interesting side light on native superstition. An Eskimo from the near by camp made himself a nuisance begging tobacco, but as we had lost our respect for his degenerate tribe he got none. While Taylor was cooking supper the man attracted my attention by the same kind of pantomime a dog uses when he coaxes his master to go with him. My curiosity was aroused and I followed him up a ravine behind our camp several hundred yards to a point where he stopped and gazed fixedly at a spot twenty yards further on. Presently he glanced at me with what seemed a mixture of shame and fear.

I walked to the spot at which he had looked so fixedly and found the ram's head embedded in the moss. It was the only specimen secured with native assistance that was not mutilated by having the nose cut off. The Eskimo's craving for tobacco had overcome his ancestral training of respect to the departed spirit of the animal to the extent of permitting him to perpetrate a sophistry. He evidently reasoned that the desecration was mine, not his. Yet his conscience plagued him so much that he accepted two small cans of tobacco in payment instead of demanding the twenty-five dollars in trade goods I had offered for such specimens. I might have paid him the full amount had

the goods been available, but I am inclined to think he would not have accepted on the theory that the action would have fastened on him the treachery to his belief.

We covered many miles of mountains the next day but saw no sheep. We were looking for Mount Entalgin which an old Eskimo at Imtook had said was formerly a fine place for mountain sheep. Frank McKenna, the medicine man at Easter Head told me later that "Entalgin" is not a particular peak but a native word applied to any large mountain. On his return about two miles from salt water Taylor discovered a promising copper vein. In the morning we broke camp and rowed down Providence Bay to meet the *Trader* on her way to pick us up. We had difficulty in getting through the ice and Thompson had trouble with his engine and did not appear until the early afternoon. In the meanwhile Taylor and I went ashore at Ked Bay and examined the dugouts where a Western Union Telegraph party wintered more than a half century before. With Captain Thompson when he finally appeared on the scene was Pavloff the Kamchatdale trader at Emma Harbor and Nazaroff a refugee from Moscow. Pavloff was a nice young man, hearty and good natured, Nazaroff was older and more worn and quiet. He had a hard experience in his flight accompanied as

he was by his wife, and moreover he was just recovering from a severe attack of scurvy. A third member of the party had died from the same disease.

On September tenth we left Emma Harbor for Nome. The *Victoria* was scheduled to sail from Nome for Seattle on the fifteenth and while the men on the *Casco* had informed us we could not count on the *Victoria* they stated that the freighter *Ketchikan* would leave in her place on that date. Now that the hunt was over I was anxious to get home at the earliest possible moment.

We made a good run and reached Nome in the evening of the twelfth. There we were greeted with the news that the *Ketchikan* would not sail in time to reach Seattle ahead of the *Victoria*. To cut short a long story of delay we were in Nome exactly a month. Strikes and storms had disrupted the steamer schedule. Despite its enforced nature our sojourn was pleasant. I wrote most of this book at the time and had my photographs developed, shot ptarmigan, of which there were thousands nearby, with Grant Jackson, manager of the bank and visited with the Lomens and other friends and rode on the "dogmobile" on the narrow gauge railroad with Leonard Seppala behind his team of Siberian dogs which three times won the All Alaska Sweepstake race of four hundred miles

and had broken all speed records of similar events. Frank Dufresne took Taylor on the track up Anvil Creek with an aerothrust motor on a hand car. Sheriff Jordan gave us steam baths in the Federal Jail. Nome to me is a name synonymous with hospitality.

During our stay at Nome the *Reindeer* made a trip to St. Lawrence Island and on her return brought evidence of the sterling honesty of the Eskimos living there. There had been unkind insinuations that Sippula had appropriated to his own use that part of our supplies he had not taken to Siberia but the things were found to be intact and were turned over to the Department of Education. I am glad to be able to register this one fact needed to clear Sippula's record. I was also handed a package done up in dried walrus intestine, for wrapping paper, sent by a native called Silook who had learned I was in Nome. Inside were a set of twelve little seals carved in ivory. Three months before I had ordered these made and had paid for them saying I would return and get them, but the incident had been forgotten and I had not returned. It is not every tradesman who would have taken so much trouble to deliver a forgotten purchase!

One day, after my return to New York I found on my desk the card of John A. Korsookeen with

the penciled words added "From Cape Bering." He was on his way to Copenhagen from Japan in the interest of his mining company. We had lunch together in the Woolworth Restaurant and a very pleasant chat. I told Korsookeen that I bore no resentment against him for my treatment on the *Toro Maru*.

Mr. Korsookeen made a very interesting statement about the geology of the Chukotsk. He said it is the Seward Peninsula duplicated. In other words, geologically it is America. The Anadir on the west is Asia. In some remote age no doubt a physical as well as a geological division existed on the line between Holy Cross Bay and the Arctic.

Summing up Taylor and I together traveled twenty-two thousand miles and wore out nine pair of shoes in the five months of our trip to get one very small mountain sheep. But we are satisfied because we accomplished our job and had a mighty interesting time while we were about it. You who love new country will understand; life is too short to try to explain to the others.

Today the lure of the unknown is limited and while the song that is sung may still be pitched in a key as heroic as when the world was young the results to be achieved are always growing less. There are a few unconquered mountains of note besides

Everest left to be climbed and a precious few large areas on the surface of the globe waiting to be first trod by the foot of civilized man. Most of the great opportunities for geographical discovery are gone and it is the same with zoological exploration. The big animals and the small have been pretty thoroughly trailed down and classified.

But the character of the mountain sheep of many ranges in Northern Siberia is still shrouded in mystery and the moose of the Kolyma still remains unnamed. Bogoras and Koren heard of this creature. Amory secured two skulls and Olsen and Goodmansen have killed it but no scientist has yet classified it and no museum in the world has complete specimens. Here is a thing at least remaining that is a worthy quest for the sons of our fathers.¹

Copley Amory, Jr., secured his moose on the Lesser Annui River only fifteen miles as the crow flies from its confluence with the Kolyma. He as-

¹ At the time of the Koren expedition in 1914 Mr. Copley Amory, Jr., secured two skulls of this moose which are now in the National Museum in Washington. The bull's skull has horns spreading 64½ inches. The nearest described species in Eurasia is from the Alden Branch of the Lena River, a moose with small horns like the Scandinavian elk. Elinor Olsen who has killed the Kolyma River moose on the Great Annui branch says this moose is red brown in color and as large as *Alces gigas* of Alaska, thus corroborating Dr. Allen's statement of the close interrelationship of the mammals of this portion of Arctic Siberia with the mammals of Alaska. Antlers of the Kolyma moose were found by Norden-skjold east of Chaun Bay on the Chukotsk Peninsula.

cended the river 20 miles further and found the gravel bars and shelves along the water's edge cut up with many moose tracks. The country is easily accessible from the settlement of Nijni Kolymsk on the lower Kolyma River, but one cannot get in and out the same year unless by traveling in winter. To the westward, towards Verkoyansk, the thermometer drops to more than 90 below zero, the coldest yet recorded by man on the planet. There is little definite information about the mountain sheep of the country. *Borealis*, described from specimens secured on the Taimyr Peninsula the northernmost part of Eurasia, is credited with inhabiting the various mountain systems for two thousand miles eastward to the head of Holy Cross Bay, but it is highly improbable that only one type exists in this great extent of country. Hunters describe sheep from one range as white in color, from another as brown. The sheep from the Matasingi-Chaun Bay sector have coal black horns unless two specimens from this region are freaks, and the breed is half again as large as the sheep I killed in the Chukotsk. Apparently this is another new sheep.

Last summer Karl Frederick and I were all set to fly from Nome to Matasingi to investigate this question, but despite the best of credentials, the Soviet Government refused us permission to enter the country. No doubt we failed to convince them we

had not ulterior designs on the gold of the Chukotsk.

Some day in the not so very distant future as time goes this north country will be accessible by rail and American tourists will be whisked through the mountains of the Chukotsk in express trains to points in Asia and Europe via a tunnel under Bering Strait. This will come when the last great grazing areas of the temperate zones have been broken by the plough for the raising of cereals, fruits and vegetables and the ever increasing population of the earth has turned for much of its meat supply to the colder slopes that will grow nothing but the forage for pasture. This is not a dream, not even a prophecy, but a commonplace statement of the inevitable.



